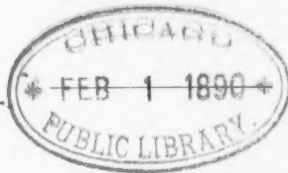


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July—December, 1888.



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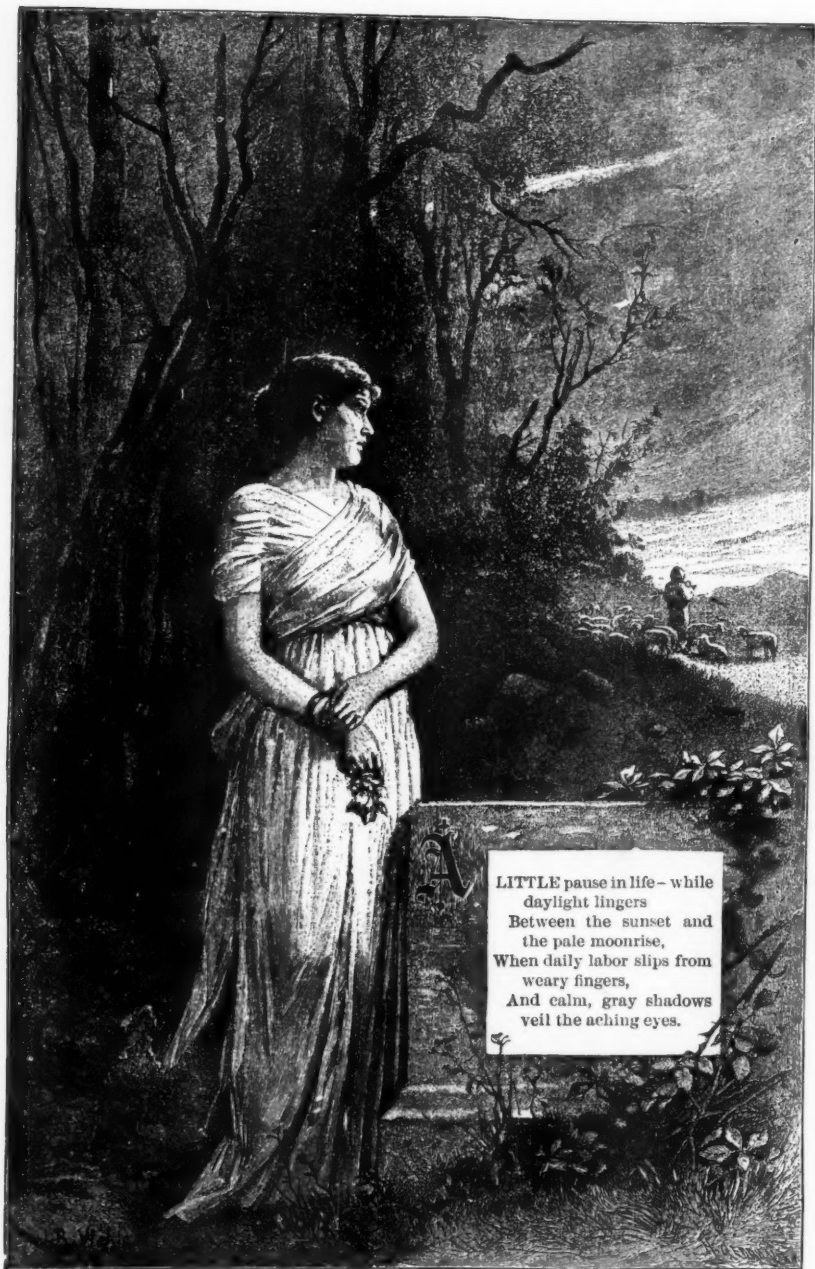
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1888.

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A LITTLE pause in life - while
daylight lingers
Between the sunset and
the pale moonrise,
When daily labor slips from
weary fingers,
And calm, gray shadows
veil the aching eyes.



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1888.

PALMS AND THE GROVES OF ELCHE.



PALM GROVES OF ELCHE.

PALMS have been called the princes of the plant world by no less an authority than Linnaeus. Their magnificence and general effect justify this verdict of the great Swedish naturalist; for while there are some leaf and needle bearing trees in California and Australia that attain a greater height and circumference, the palms, as a class, possess an inborn distinction superior to all others. Their leafy crowns of gigantic leaves, waving upon lofty and slender stems, at once separate them from everything else in the

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vegetable world, while the elegance and nobility of the general bearing of the tree, the extraordinary beauty of its leaf forms, and the amazing abundance of its blossoms are additional claims to our admiration and interest.

But in this aristocracy of plant life there are numerous grades. Not all kinds of palms lift crowned heads high into the ether. Many are found that are low, or even without visible stems of any kind, being only distinguished from the surrounding grasses and bushes by the

strangeness of their foliage. Belonging to such species are the dwarf palms found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; the *Rhaphis flabelliformis* of China, a thick bush never higher than two yards, and varieties of the *Chamædorea*, handsome pinnate palms found in Central America and Uruguay, which often constitute the undergrowth of the upland forests of these regions, and whose stems furnish the walking-sticks of commerce. It must be noted, however, that the majority of species belong to the truly royal palms, and these can only be appreciated by visiting them in their homes. None of the specimens found in even such large conservatories as Kew, St. Petersburg, or Berlin give an adequate idea of their size and native grandeur. A first view of the majestic date palms of Spain, as they grow in the open air around Valencia, leaves an indelible impression upon the mind, and yet the date palm is by no means the most imposing and majestic species. The pages of Humboldt and Spence give us some idea of the effect produced on the imagination by palms when seen at their best in their tropical homes. They tell us, for instance, of the wax palm of the Andes that lifts a colossal crown upon a stem over one hundred and eighty feet in height, forming a second forest, as it were, high above the leafy dome of the original one beneath. Another species, famous for the gigantic spread of its fan leaves, is the wine palm of Brazil, and on the Orinoco Humboldt found pinnate-leaved palms surpassing all others in beauty, richness, and majesty. The largest and finest palms are natives of the New World, and in numerical richness of species and varieties the mainland of America stands pre-eminent, furnishing five hundred and sixty-two out of a total of nine hundred and sixty-two known species.

Palms are, however, not limited to the tropics, or even to warm climates. Many varieties seem to prefer the cooler temperatures of the higher regions of the

tropical and subtropical zones. Thus the wax palm of the Andes, mentioned above, is only found between the altitudes of five thousand five hundred and eight thousand feet, while the Himalayan *Chamærops Martiana* grows to a height of from thirty to forty feet in a region where, for five months of the year, the ground is covered with snow. It is also interesting to note that no species indigenous to the Eastern Hemisphere reappears in the Western, an exception being found in cultivated palms, like the cocoanut palm, which have been spread over the whole tropical belt of the earth, and that the limits within which the different varieties flourish are usually very circumscribed.

Coming to a closer examination of the palm as an individual, it is usual to call up the image of a tree having a single stem of a cylindrical shape, and crowned with a heavy mass of leaves. This picture is true for the majority of palms, but does not fit all. Thus the Dour palm (*Hyphæa thebaica*), which is spread from the cataracts of the Nile everywhere to the south, and bears a fruit similar in size and shape to a peach, but tasting like gingerbread, has a stem of numerous divisions like the prongs of a fork, each bearing its own tuft of mighty fan-shaped leaves. Again, a striking diversion from the usual type is found in the rattan palm of tropical Asia, Africa, and Australia, which has thin stems, never thicker than an arm, and grows to enormous lengths. Being too weak to bear their own weight, the stems cling to the trunks of other trees, climbing into their tops, and from top to top, frequently twining themselves around each other like cordage, and rendering the forests impassable by their network. Moreover, these rattan palms, whose stems are often five hundred feet long, bear no leafy crowns, but instead are provided, throughout their whole length, with pinnate leaves, which stand separate and solitary, and from whose axils shoot

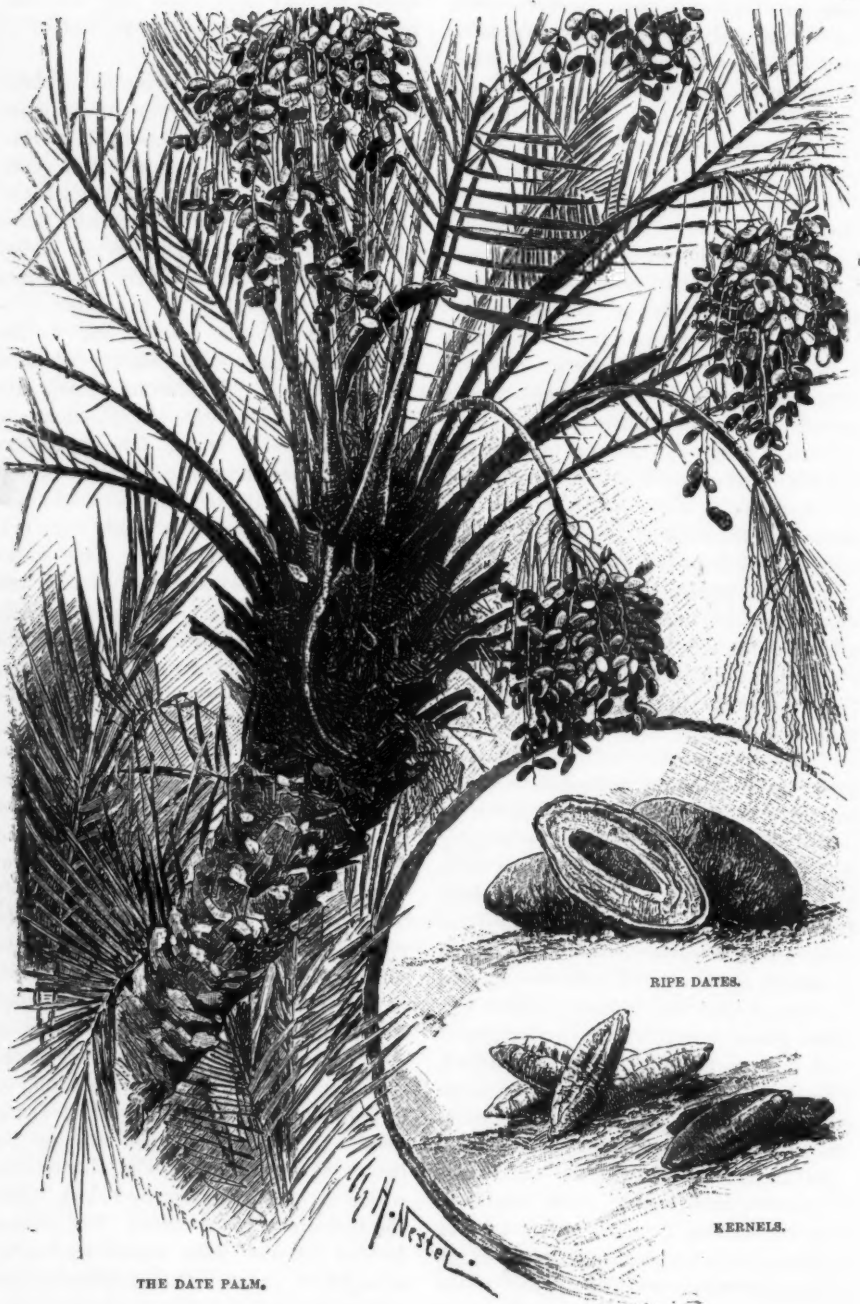
out branches similar in shape to the parent stem, only thinner in size. In other words, the stem is built up, just as in our grasses, by a succession of long members or internodes, separated by joints, a leaflet appearing at each joint. A far different plan controls the formation of the palms which bear leafy crowns. The internodes here are undeveloped or very short, and closely packed together, so that the leaves belonging to the separate members are forced into a spiral, more or less contracted, and appear as a crown of foliage.

The surface of the trunk of such a palm presents either a smooth, wavy appearance, always the case where the leaves die off at the base of their stalk, or else is extremely rough and uneven, often showing thick and coarse fibred projections, as, for example, in the date palm. In the latter case the stalk of the dead leaf does not separate from the trunk at the point of junction, but breaks off further up and away from its base, leaving the latter affixed to the tree. These projections encircle the trunk and afford a footing, like the steps of a staircase, to climbers in search of dates, as our illustrations show.

Ten years may pass before a palm stem raises itself above the ground so as to be visible. In the meantime its crown of leaves looks like a gigantic fern, springing directly from the ground, but all the while the stem, covered by its sheathing leaf-stalks, thickens more and more, until, in many cases, it reaches mature size, when it rapidly shoots up and continuously lifts its crown higher and higher. Before this takes place, however, the underground root system has also fully developed. This does not consist of the usual large tap-root, provided with smaller lateral branches, but of hundreds of fibres of equal thickness, sometimes as small as a whip cord, which spread in all directions from the bottom of the stem. It is owing to these numerous and remarkably tough roots, penetrating everywhere, and to the elasticity of the trunk itself, composed as

it is of innumerable bundles of fibres, interlaced like wire rope, that not the fiercest hurricane is able to uproot a palm.

Coming to the leaves of the palm, these occur in two principal shapes, the pinnate or feather-shaped, and the palmate or fan-shaped. The first (or pinnate leaf) consists of a midrib of wood, prolonged into the main stem without interruption, and of a double row of leaflets, usually folded up longitudinally, a structure which gives rise to the appearance of a branch provided with lateral leaves, and to the common but quite erroneous expression, a "palm branch." The second, or palmate leaf, that is, a leaf whose long stem at the end widens out into a fan-shaped extension, separated by projections which sag forth from the base, no one could mistake for a branch, as the whole very evidently forms but one leaf. The stalks of the palm leaves are very woody and endure for many years. They are usually three edged or cylindrical in shape, and the edges are covered with thorns, either bent or straight. As already stated, the stalks at the bottom run into sheathing bases, which may attain a very great size if they surround the whole or a great part of the periphery of the trunk. The sides of these sheaths are usually covered with a network of brown, woody fibre or bast, very useful for cordage. No family of plants on earth compares with the palm in the size of its leaves. Even the immense leaves of the bananas and aroids of the tropics are dwarfs in comparison. The Brazilian wine palm (*Mauritia virens*), which grows in the lowlands of the Amazon, bears leaves thirty feet long on a stem over one hundred and fifty feet in height. Equally gigantic are the fan leaves of the Seychelle palm, the stalks of which are often eighteen feet long, while the fans are as much more! The pinnate leaf of the wax palm sometimes reaches a length of twenty-five feet, although that of the date palm rarely exceeds ten feet,



THE DATE PALM.

and usually the leaflets bend or droop over in a most graceful manner.

It might be supposed that the flowers of trees bearing such gigantic leaves would be correspondingly large. In fact, however, they are quite small and inconspicuous, but, being enormously abundant, their clusters attain a great size. The flowers are unisexual, and the male (or staminate) and pistillate (or female) blossoms are usually borne on separate trees. They are uniformly sessile on a spike, like the blossoms of the calla lily. Each spike is protected by one or more leafy envelopes or spathes. These spathes are generally dark colored, with a texture like leather or even wood, and they entirely inclose the flower cluster during its period of development. Later they open, and often hang like dark and graceful tresses of great length amidst the foliage of the crown. The staminate trees, during the period of inflorescence, often develop such a mass of pollen dust that when the wind waves their tops it forms great yellow clouds, and Egyptian travelers assert that at sunrise the date palms of the Nile are sometimes entirely hidden from view by this golden haze.

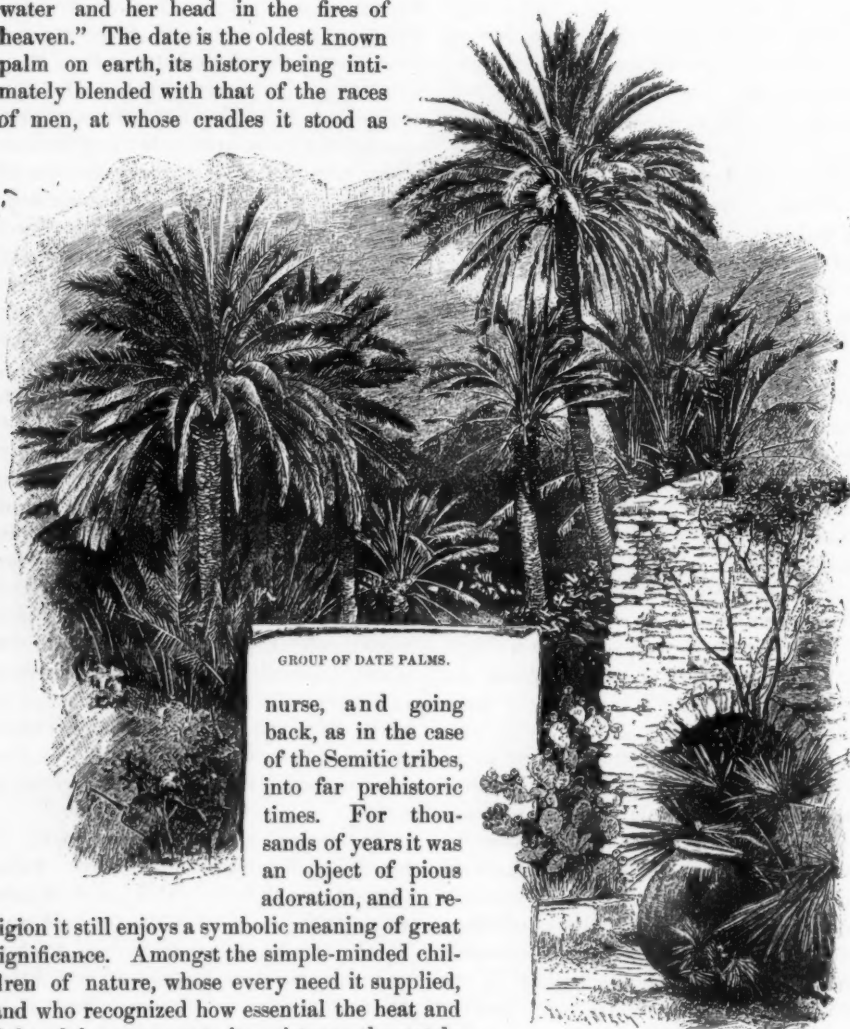
The fruit of the palm is either a drupe or a berry. The date, with its fleshy envelope around a stony kernel, is a specimen of the former. The oil palm also bears drupes, but here the envelope is not edible, its cells being filled with oil, just as in olives, which is brought in great quantities from the coast of Western Africa to England and manufactured into candles and soaps. The cocoanut is a drupe with an inedible fibrous envelope of such size that the kernel, the cocoanut proper, constitutes only one-half of the whole fruit. Specimens of berry-bearing palms are the *Chamedaria*, which has berries of the size of peas, of a golden or scarlet red color, and the sago palm, whose berries are surrounded by a scaly armor, which must first be laboriously opened to get at the fruit inside.

The remainder of this paper will be devoted to the palms found on the Continent of Europe, and two species will claim our attention, only one of which, however, is strictly indigenous. This is the dwarf palm (*Chamærops humilis*), the smallest known of fan palms. The dwarf palm flourishes in the dry soils of the regions that border on the Mediterranean Sea, especially in Southern Spain. On the plains east of Seville, which form winter quarters for the migrating herds of merino sheep, and which, since the expulsion of the Moors, have ceased to be cultivated, although naturally very fertile, the dwarf palm covers miles of territory. It usually appears as a crown of foliage growing no higher than three or four feet. Being very vigorous, and spreading persistently, it is regarded as a weed in cultivated regions, but it is nevertheless useful in many ways. Out of its fans brooms are made, and the fibrous covering of the leaf stalks is readily converted into ropes and matting. From the bleached leaves artificial flowers and ornaments similar to the now fashionable Makarty bouquets have been made for over a century, and the tender sprouts of the young leaves furnish materials for a salad much liked by the natives. On the island of Gibraltar, which is the only spot in Europe where the ape species exists in a wild state, the dwarf palm, that abounds on its slopes and rocky terraces, is the favorite food of the tailless monkeys there found.

The second species of palm found in Southern Europe is the date palm (*Phoenix dactylifera*). This is a foreigner, whose native land is in the far East and South, in Mesopotamia, Syria, Arabia, and the southern slopes of the Atlas Mountains. As a cultivated tree it is spread from the Canary Islands eastward through the whole of Northern Africa, the coasts of Southern Europe, and over the whole Orient to the boundaries of the Indies. It grows best where the soil is fertile, but will flourish wherever its roots

can find a good supply of water and its crown of leaves can enjoy an excess of the light and heat of the sun in a dry and pure atmosphere; or, as the Arabs practically say, "The queen of the oasis grows whenever she can bathe her foot in water and her head in the fires of heaven." The date is the oldest known palm on earth, its history being intimately blended with that of the races of men, at whose cradles it stood as

The Semitic god of the sun was identical with the Baal or Bel of the Bible, and in this name, as well as in that of Helios, the corresponding Greek divinity, we meet the oldest name of the date palm, which



GROUP OF DATE PALMS.

nurse, and going back, as in the case of the Semitic tribes, into far prehistoric times. For thousands of years it was an object of pious adoration, and in re-

ligion it still enjoys a symbolic meaning of great significance. Amongst the simple-minded children of nature, whose every need it supplied, and who recognized how essential the heat and light of the sun were to its existence, the stately tree at an early period became an object of worship, and was identified with the god of heat and light to whom they prayed, and whose utterances their priests professed to hear and interpret in the silvery rustle of its leafy crown.

was "El" or "Ela." This word is said to mean "strong" or "strength," and was given, doubtless, because the wildest storm is unable to break down the tree. The word recurs

as a syllable in many of the Arabic names of places in Northern Africa and Southern Spain, such as Elche, Elda, Novelda, in the province of Alicante, places still surrounded by palm groves.

Other Semitic names for the palm were "tamar," or the slender, and "dekhel," which refers to the swaying of the crown in the winds. The Greeks called the date tree "Phoenix," a name which relates back to mythological times, when it was the representative of the sun-god. As such a representative the ancient Egyptians considered it a symbol of Time, which ever renews itself out of itself, and its feathered leaf and numerous leaflets as symbols of the weeks and months of the year. Longer periods of time, periods of five hundred years, were represented by a bird, which was then fabled to come to Egypt to bury the body of its father in the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. To this bird the Greeks gave the name of Phoenix, which, as we have seen, is also the name of the date palm. Another well-known myth makes this bird destroy itself in its old age by fire, only to reproduce a young bird from the flames. Its home was always assigned to Arabia, the bird having been, in truth, the sacred bird of the sun, just as the date palm was his sacred tree.

Nothing certain is known about the introduction of the date into Europe, but it is probable that the Phœnicians first carried it there, while, as Pliny states, the Romans successfully perpetuated its cultivation.

During the relapse into barbarism that followed the fall of the Western Roman Empire no attention was paid to the groves, and they for the most part perished.

The reintroduction of the date palm into Southern Europe is due to the Arabians, who sedulously carried their favorite with them to every one of their conquered countries where climate and soil favored

its growth. About the year 756 of our era, Abd ur Rahmen Ben Muawija, founder of the caliphate of Cordova, and builder of the beautiful mosque in the capital city, is said to have first introduced date palms into his gardens in Spain, to remind him of his Eastern home in Damascus, and the Arabian chroniclers claim that every Spanish date palm is descended from these. It is more probable that, inasmuch as the date palm ripens its seeds in Spain, individual specimens had survived from the days of the Roman occupation, but it is certain that the Arabians added new and valuable varieties. On account of its combination of warmth and dryness, the climate of parts of Spain is better adapted to the date tree than is that of Greece, Italy, or even Sicily, where too much rain falls to permit the proper ripening of the seeds.

The only parts of Spain, however, which offer a home for the date are the southeastern provinces, those of Alicante, Murcia, and Almería, and which so far justify the saying of an ingenious French writer—"Africa begins at the Pyrenees." Nothing more African can be imagined than the region south of Valencia, distinguished as it is for its pure air, its clear sky, and its fierce warmth. The rays of the sun beat without intermission on great plains, scantily clothed with gray-green tufts of grass, or on sterile and rocky steppes of gypsum and marl. No rain or dew ever falls upon these wastes, yet the richest vegetation is found along the valleys of the rivers. It was here that the industrious Arabians found a congenial home for the child of the sun's heat and light, their favorite palm, and that they planted the famous groves of the oasis of Elche, which still survive in all their pristine glory. Here novelty and enchantment surround the northern visitor, and he may dream over the stories of the Arabian Nights amid a fitting environment of sparkling waters, seen

through vistas of rustling palms, without the labor of crossing the Atlas Mountains or traversing the Mediterranean Sea. Some days of railway travel, and a few hours of staging from Alicante through deserts

divided into regular squares by paths of sand, and around each square is planted



and steppes bring him to a perfect Eden, an oasis planted by Arabians, still cultivated in the Arabian fashion, and shaded by over eighty thousand palms. Plantations of oranges and pomegranates, beneath the palm forest, send forth a rich fragrance from millions of blossoms, while white Saracenic churches and houses stand in effective contrast with the immense overshadowing dome of palm foliage.

Of course, the palm forest of Elche is not a forest in our sense of the word. It is made up of thousands of gardens, separated by stone walls, belonging to individual owners. Every garden is

a row of palms, forming alleys of trees, crossing each other at right angles. In

these squares are cultivated all kinds of fruits and vegetables, but especially the pomegranate, which flourishes luxuriantly in the shade of the feathered palm leaves, and is covered in the month of May with a luminous display of scarlet red blossoms. The houses, in Moorish fashion, are mostly washed with white, the roofs being flat, but there are many stately villas with verandas and pillared porches. Alongside the paths run channels built of brick masonry, which widen into a spoon-shaped depression around each palm tree. In these circulates the refreshing and fertilizing fluid which continuously nourishes the roots of the palms. But whence comes such an abundance of water in a region so dried up and sunburnt? A masterpiece of hydraulic engineering, eighteen hundred years old, constructed by the intelligent people who have left so many traces of their high civilization in Spain, still supplies the city of Elche and most of the palm groves with all the needed water. At a distance of three leagues from Elche the Arabians converted the mountain stream of Vinalapo into a reservoir or lake by means of a great and most skillfully constructed sluice wall, and from here the water is conducted through a canal of solid masonry to the oasis, where it is distributed by an arterial network of channels provided with sluice gates, and covering the whole surface of the great palm district. A special commission, elected annually, guards with the utmost severity the equitable distribution of the water.

A walk along the footpaths and wagon roads of Elche reveals to the astonished gaze a succession of entrancing pictures. Everywhere are endless vistas of palms, seen in perspective, and the least breeze causes a musical rustling high above the head of the stroller amid the clashing leaves, which are yards in length.

In the region of Alicante the date palm attains a height of about seventy feet, its trunk averaging about twenty inches. It

lives to an age of two or three hundred years, but a bearing tree is not permitted to grow longer than eighty years, as after that period the quality of the fruit deteriorates. The annual value of the date crop is nearly five hundred thousand dollars, and it furnishes the main support of the inhabitants of Elche, which number about twenty thousand. Next to the dates the traffic in bleached palm leaves ranks highest. It is well known that on Palm Sunday in the Catholic Church, especially in Southern Europe, Ireland, and America, the processions of priests carry palm branches in their hands to commemorate the triumphal entrance of Christ into Jerusalem. At that festival also palm branches are sold before the churches, having been previously blessed by the priests, and being considered a protection against sickness and misfortune, they are fastened over the doors or on the railings of the balconies of Spanish houses. This symbolism perpetuates the idea of triumph, and was familiar to the Greeks long before the Christian era. According to an ancient myth, Theseus, the conqueror, on his return from Crete established games at Delos in honor of Apollo, and the victor's crown was made of palm. But long before Grecian times this symbolic use of the palm was customary, for Moses (Leviticus xxiii) commanded the children of Israel to take palm branches and for the space of seven days to be joyful before the Lord, and even before Moses it was a practice, as mentioned by Diodorus, to hold a festival of five days' duration in a palm grove near Mt. Sinai, and the assembled crowds carried palm branches in their hands as they advanced in solemn procession toward the sacred and highly decorated date trees. From Greece the symbolism of the date palm was transplanted to Italy, and its branches were carried before the Roman Emperors in all their triumphal processions.

The process of bleaching the palm is an

Italian discovery, and its length and expense prevents the sale of palm branches at low rates. In midsummer workmen climb the trees, and, selecting the inmost and finest leaves, gather them together into a coil, which they tightly bind round with a covering of straw and matting. During the following winter season the original green of the chlorophyl disappears out of the cellular tissue, and by spring the leaves have become white and glistening. They are then carefully cut off, so as to leave standing the buds in the axils, from which new leaves appear. The process, of course, much alters the

beautiful appearance of the tree. The principal supply of branches formerly came from Italy, especially from the region between St. Remo and Ventinuglia, where there has been for many centuries a large plantation of palms, the grove of Bordighera, solely devoted to this purpose, and directly under the patronage of the Popes. On the expulsion of the Moors from Spain and the acquisition of their palm groves by the Christians, the industry made its way into Spain, and very naturally Elche, the finest palm grove in Christendom, soon absorbed the bulk of the trade.

L. C. BRICKENSTEIN, FROM THE GERMAN OF M. WILLKOMM.

OUGHT DOGS TO WORK?

ON this question the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is divided.

Some say yes, others no. I belong to the affirmative side, believing that dogs, like men, are healthier when occupied. It has been observed that inactive dogs become restless and low-spirited, and this is especially true of hunters when the season is closed. M. Bertrand, an advocate of canine labor, describes four brave dogs employed in the marble-works at Vedère, in France, who take turns, in pairs, at revolving an immense wheel which moves all the machinery of the factory.

Gray Cæsar, the leader, is a bull-dog who carries his twelve years gallantly; seven of these years have been devoted to work. He is always the first at his post, where he appears of his own accord. His master taught him his trade by turning the wheel himself "on all fours" side by side with the animal.

Farand, a shepherd dog of honest countenance and happy disposition, is the favorite of his mistress. He is intelligent, cultivated, but too fond of admiration; he turns the wheel madly when any one is looking at him, but goes at a very indifferent pace as soon as the spectator's back is turned.

Between these two come *Negret*, whose solid qualities approach the first; and *Black Cæsar*, a good worker when he feels disposed, like the second, but inclined to fun and trifling.

They work four hours a day, two hours in the morning, two in the afternoon, and have two repasts—breakfast at eight o'clock, dinner at seven when the day is over. Their nourishment consists of cornmeal mixed with milk and water and suet, all kneaded together and baked slowly. With this wholesome diet and moderate labor, the four dogs, instead of the famished, shirking, timid air of their species degraded by misery, present the

agreeable aspect of good workmen, living honorably by their toil, esteemed by all, and wearing an expression of content and legitimate pride, which comes from a clear conscience and the satisfaction of leading a useful, busy life.

Here is an incident which shows that (like men) the working dog knows that he has rights. The head cook at La Fleche College having one day garnished his spits with meat for the students' supper, discovered that the dog whose office it was to turn them was not present. He called him, hunted for him, while one of the others, not on duty, lay comfortably stretched before the fire. The man thought he might as well use this one, since the other was not to be found, and approached, intending to put him on the wheel. He was very badly received; after deep growls of warning, the offended brute bit him severely and ran away. The cook was amazed at this ill-treatment from a creature usually docile and affectionate. While an assistant bound up his wounded hand a great noise of barking was heard, and in dashed the truant followed by his irate companion, who had found and, by vigorous biting, forced him back to his post. The runaway mounted the wheel and prepared to accomplish his task without waiting to be told!

The French and German armies are now adopting dogs to act as advance guards and military messengers, in which capacities they have already been tried—by the French army at least—with success.

Soldiers all love dogs. When the Second French Zouaves were embarking for Italy, they were forbidden to take their dogs, and were strictly watched as one by one they ascended the steamer's plank. Shortly after the colonel was surprised to hear the bugles sound without the drums, and gave orders for the drums to beat. The men resisted under most frivolous pretexts—said it was "bad luck" on such an occasion, and other nonsense;

the indignant officer commanded instant obedience. The drums accordingly struck up, but gave forth dead sounds drowned in lugubrious yelps. Thereupon the colonel wisely excused them from further performance for the moment. He guessed that the Zouaves, choosing the smallest dogs of the regiment, had inclosed their pets inside of the drums, and smuggled them under the very eyes of the vigilant officer. Of course, at the first roll of the drumsticks the terrified prisoners had howled murder. Once liberated, they followed the flag, and, as usual, did good service.

Dellys, a hunting dog belonging to a Zouave named Fontrain, was elected corporal, and raised to rank of sergeant for high feats and service in Africa.

In those times the "living bushes" caused a loss of several heads a night. Every morning the headless bodies of the sentinels were found, and no one could understand how the unhappy soldiers could let themselves be so surprised. The matter became serious. The sentinels were advised to try this plan and that to keep themselves awake; yet at the end of an hour their heads were gone. At last one man arrayed his cloak and cap so that they looked like a Zouave crouching down, then he hid himself and watched. At the end of the hour, when his comrades approached sadly, dreading the worst, they found him calmly sitting on the body of a headless African.

The trick was done in this way: the Kabyles, after oiling their bodies, to keep off the chill of night and also to enable them to slip through a grasp should they be caught, arranged branches sewn on camel's skin in such a manner as to resemble a thick shrub. The system of adjustment was so contrived that by cutting one single cord all fell away and the well greased, slippery man, armed with two pistols and a cutlass, was almost impossible to detain. In the shadowy night it was difficult to recognize a "living bush"

among a number of ordinary shrubs and small trees, and their advance was so slow—scarcely more than half a step at a time—that the movement could not be detected.

The Zouave Fontrain, exposed like the others to the fatal surprise of "living bushes," placed his hunting dog Dellys on guard over the sentinels, which happy thought in seven nights saved many heads to the French.

The Zouaves enthusiastically proclaimed Dellys a corporal, and the distinguishing galloons were fastened around his paws. His rations thenceforth were drawn from the regimental supplies. The new corporal had his own peculiar tactic resulting from his training as a hunter. He prowled under the bushes, and as soon as he scented a human one, he observed it without showing himself, then, certain of the direction, he returned to the sentinel toward whom the bush was advancing and, without a sound, turned his wise nose toward the intruder, showing the soldier where to be on guard. Thus warned, the man on duty let the foe approach until near enough to be killed by shot or steel.

Dellys in time grew serious, grave, meditative. He had his place at the bivouac fire, listened to the songs and conversations with an understanding air, and, in short, if he did not become a man, he certainly became a soldier.

For seizing a spy with important papers

he was raised to the rank of sergeant, and the stripes were proudly wound around his leg. He was now heart and soul a military dog; but alas! he was fond of company—a soldierly quality—and this lost him his life. The Kabyles-Guet-choulas were troublesome tribes. Three times they attempted an attack by night, and each time were frustrated by Dellys, who gave due warning to the guards. The Kabyle spies reported to their chiefs that their losses and failures were all owing to the dog, and by a skillful stratagem they decoyed him into their power. He formed a friendship for an African dog belonging to the enemy, and it was not long before his head was set conspicuously on a post.

Frantic with grief and rage at the death of their beloved comrade, the Zouaves demanded and gained leave to assault the villages (reputed impregnable) of the offending tribes. One of them carried the dog's head on his bayonet. In less than forty minutes the positions were taken, the villages fired. Dellys was avenged!

He was buried on friendly soil under an olive tree, and a little *tumulus* was raised above him which has since grown much larger; for every man who passes holds it dear to honor the brave, and, enemy or friend, he deposits a stone or a handful of earth over the grave of good Dellys.

MRS. SOPHIE EARL.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

TO the youth who lived in those earlier days of literature, when *Sandford and Merton* and Bernardin de St. Pierre's *Paul et Virginie* were the established reading for the young, to such a youth, what would be the surprise at beholding the well-filled book shelves, the marvels of print and the beauties of binding expended upon the young of to-day. To such a youth, what would be the emotion when, upon perusal, he should find these volumes, not filled with high-sounding dialogue or half mystical romance, but replete with well-pictured scenes from real life—the exploits of beings not more perfect than himself?

A writer of such realities was Louisa M. Alcott, whose recent death, like a great personal sorrow, has cast its gloom upon the hearts of all book-loving youth—of all older readers young in sympathy. For who, young or old, has not read *Little Women*, who has not reveled in the treasure house of *Little Men*, or followed *The Old-Fashioned Girl* through all the simple changes of her life, half tender and half sad? Who has not, has failed to keep his heart in its first youthfulness and has missed communion with one of the purest intellects of the present time. The daughter of A. Bronson Alcott, the subject of our sketch, was born in Germantown upon the twenty-ninth of November, eighteen hundred and thirty-two, and there the first two years of her life were passed. From Philadelphia, the family removed to Boston, where, for a time, the father, as the originator

of a new system, taught successfully. This success was only temporary, however, and from Boston, Mr. Alcott, through the exertions of Emerson, went to Concord, where he afterward established his School of Philosophy. At a later time, in Harvard, the Alcotts tried community farming. Their life at this time must have taken on something of the character of a perpetual camping time, and has been described by Miss Alcott herself in *Transcendental Wild Oats*. A very innocent sowing of wild oats it must have been, however, which brought forth only a crop of laughable reminiscences to our authoress.

Like most youthful aspirants for fame and its emoluments, Miss Alcott was destined, at first, to disappointment, for although her earliest volume, *Flower Fables*, appeared when she was but twenty-three years of age, she gave little evidence of real talent until 1863, after her experience as hospital nurse at Washington. Her *Hospital Sketches*, published in newspapers and afterward republished in book form, first called attention to the writer. These sketches were soon followed by a novel, and in 1868 *Little Women* was given to the world. From that time our writer's success was established, her name had become a power in the land. One after another appeared her works, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Little Men*, *Jo's Boys*, *Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag*, *Eight Cousins*, *Rose in Bloom*, *Under the Lilacs*, *Jack and Jill*, *Silver Pitcher Stories*, *Proverb Stories*, *Spinning Wheel*

Stories, etc., etc.—an extensive catalogue, each work the embodiment of some golden lesson for the young.

Miss Alcott also tried her hand at novels, poems, and plays, and, at one period of her life, she strongly contemplated entering upon the arduous and uncertain duties of the stage. What the youthful world gained by her final decision it is impossible to estimate, certain it is that no writer of the day can lay claim to a stronger hold upon the hearts of the young. Her power of intimate personal companionship with youth is unrivaled; while her sincere womanliness rendered her a favorite with the young of her own sex. She also possessed that delicate understanding of boyish nature which constituted her their patron saint. There is, in every manly youthful heart, an inborn reverence for womanhood, and, with unerring tact, there is no doubt this gentle woman helped to tame many a boisterous, headstrong nature, turning it from unwholesome ways by the mere force of her own purity and goodness. Possessed of a vigorous personality and physically strong in youth, Miss Alcott often revolted, as did Jo March, at the restrictions placed upon her own sex, and her deepest sympathies were with the more active sports of boyhood. By the charm of this unerring sympathy, she influenced youth and crept into the heart as many a greater workman never could have done.

Written plainly in all her works we find the motive of her own life open to us—we may read it in and between the lines of each earnest and honest production; whether we follow the fortunes of Polly and Tom in *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, or of Bob and Bettie, Ben and Thorny, or of Miss Celia in *Under the Lilacs*. Whether we smile at the strange exploits and adventures of Nurse Periwinkle, or feel our eyes suddenly moisten at reading that pathetic bit—the death-scene of John, manliest one of the forty—so tenderly depicted

in *Hospital Sketches*, whether we thrill at the dramatic power displayed in *My Contraband* or *The Blue and the Gray*, still, everywhere we find it, a strong and earnest purpose. Her home life, also, is well depicted in her works, especially in *Little Women*, where, with a style eloquent from its very simplicity, with no straining for high-sounding phrases, she has told in her inimitable way her own unpretentious story. And what an honest, healthful book it is—this *Little Women*. What warm and human characters it contains—dear, blundering, earnest Jo, sweet Beth, womanly Meg, and gifted Amy—all so human and so real, not too good nor too successful. Then there is warm-hearted, boyish Laurie, strange old Bhaer, or, best and dearest of them all, that father and mother who so wisely reigned over their little empire, bearing worthily the names dearest of all to childish lips. God be blessed for the kind and gentle fathers, for the self-forgetful and loving mothers of the world—and give us more books that magnify their virtues!

The father of *Little Women* then is Bronson Alcott, retouched and not quite literally transcribed; the mother, that sweet though energetic woman so tenderly imaged as the house-mother, is Miss Alcott's own parent—a woman who, not neglecting her household duties, could accomplish effective work, also, in such, at her time, unusual fields of labor as transcendentalism, woman's suffrage, and abolition. Jo is Miss Alcott herself—Meg is the sister, afterward Mrs. Pratt, the mother of "little men." Beth, whose gentleness and early death have touched so many hearts, is Elizabeth, who died in youth; while Amy is the beautiful and gifted artist sister, May, afterward Mrs. Neuriker, whose death occurred at Paris in 1879. Of that pleasant family circle, so delicately pictured, all are gone now save Meg, the mother of "little men."

Since her mother's death in 1877, Louisa Alcott has been the staff of her father's.

declining years, watching over him tenderly—a daughter in the fullest meaning of that word. For, although an authoress overworked and often weary, she was possessed of the true womanly spirit of helpfulness, giving herself up almost entirely to the comfort of others, the devoted champion of little men, the loving counselor of all youth, the comfort and companion of her father.

It was Miss Alcott's good fortune that she was not only the recipient of exceptionally fine home training, but that she was also, at one time, under the intellectual influence and guidance of Thoreau—an association of teacher and pupil not always so felicitiously brought about in our American world of letters. How deep an impression may have been made upon the mind of the pupil by the strong personality of this master we cannot determine, since all waymarks are swept aside by the unpretentious originality in her own methods of thought and construction. What her particular methods might have

been it is not necessary to detail, simplicity being their most salient distinctive point. With a sober undercurrent of moral teaching always, her productions are of that bright and entertaining sort which most successfully excite the interest of young readers. Her power of quick transition from pathetic incident to mirthfulness gives zest and piquancy to all her work, while her kindly given caution and advice, her simple religious teachings, incite to better action as many a ponderously written essay on moralities never could succeed in doing.

For some time Miss Alcott had been suffering from that disease peculiar to her craft—nervous prostration—and had been the inmate of her physician's household. There, in Roxbury, upon March 6th of the present year, 1888, the tired brain relaxed, the great heart ceased its beating, and all that is left to us of Louisa M. Alcott is her legacy of imperishable teaching—a teaching of genuine purity and worth.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.



HOW many summers, love,
 Have I been thine?
 How many days, my dove,
 Hast thou been mine?
 Time, like the wingèd wind
 When 't bends the flowers,

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Hath left no mark behind
 To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,
 On thee he leaves;
 Some lines of care round both
 Perhaps he weaves;
 Some fears—a soft regret
 For joys scarce known;
 Sweet looks we half forget;
 All else is flown!

Ah! with what thankless heart
 I mourn and sing!
 Look, where our children start,
 Like sudden spring!
 With tongues all sweet and low,
 Like a pleasant rhyme,
 They tell how much I owe
 To thee and Time!

BARRY CORNWALL

THE ORPHAN OF IDAHO.*

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER I.

"IF I could only go with you, Jack?" It was a child's voice that uttered the words, and a pair of violet eyes were raised pleadingly to the face of the bronzed and bearded man who stood looking back for a moment before starting on the day's prospecting tour.

The scene was wild and strange. High upon the mountain side, out of the reach of the swollen streams that sometimes came rushing down with relentless force after a copious rain, sheltered by towering trees swaying in the mountain breezes, stood a rude log cabin in one of the mining districts of Idaho.

Huge boulders juttied out here and there from the mountain side, as if some giant hand had carelessly cast them away, where they had lodged and stayed. A deeply worn path led by the cabin, winding around rocks and trees, through gulches and ravines, until it was lost in the many trails in the vale below.

Framed in the doorway, clasping a half-grown rabbit in her dimpled arms, stood a little girl of scarcely seven summers. Her dress was soiled and torn, her hair tangled and uncombed, while everything connected with her appearance told of neglected, motherless childhood plainer than any words could have expressed it.

And yet, through all there gleamed the beauty of rare intelligence, intensifying

the sweet, sensitive face, with quivering lips and earnest, pleading eyes, touchingly pitiful in the longing gaze in which she doubtfully made her request.

There was something so peculiarly sad in the beseeching look with which she fixed her eyes upon his face, that the man turned uneasily away, exclaiming, in sudden petulance, "Don't stand gazing at me like that."

The look stirred a remorseful memory in his stubborn heart of wrong-doing which could not be undone, of unkindness which never could be recalled; but instead of trying to atone for the cruel neglect and indifference toward the mother gone to the other shore, by which that very expression had been indelibly stamped upon the features of her child, he fled from it, as if by so doing he could cancel the existence of actual facts.

"It is so lonesome here, Jack. All day long Bunny and I wait and wait for the sun to go down, and sometimes you don't come when it does; you know I've no one to talk with me; if I only had a mother, Jack, to stay while you are gone, I could be so happy. Mrs. Sawyer says there's plenty of them in the world, and you might get me one if you only would; you don't *know* how much I need one. Jack, I'll do without everything else; you needn't buy me any dresses for ever and ever so long, and I'll never ask for shoes again. O Jack! I *do* need a mother!" and

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with a pitiful tremor in her voice, and tears filling the wistful blue eyes, she clasped the rabbit closer in her arms, as if to derive some comfort from the only friend and companion her heart had ever known.

The man stood looking at her in silence and perplexity.

"I don't know what to do with you," he said, at length.

"Let me go with you until you find a mother for me," she said, advancing a step or two toward him.

"It is too far, and the path is too rough for you to climb, and I can't be bothered with you to-day; but here is a book with pictures for you to look at while I am gone," he said, taking a worn almanac from his pocket which he had purposely borrowed from a fellow-miner, and as she received it he walked away, muttering, "No, no, I can't do that; I've done wrong enough already, and any woman who would marry a worthless wretch like me would be of little comfort to a child like her, but what to do with her is a question that I can't answer."

The child stood looking after him until he disappeared among the trees, then, with a deep-drawn sigh, she entered the lonely cabin and sat down to look at the pictures, while the rabbit settled itself comfortably in her lap and went to sleep.

"Oh! here's a picture of a mother holding a little girl in her arms and feeding it something nice from a spoon," she exclaimed, her childish imagination transforming the representation of a woman administering a dose of patent medicine into a picture of domestic comfort and happiness. "O Bunny! if it was only me, and you was there too! I wonder if there ever *will* be any one to love and care for me?" The uncertainty of such an event caused the blue eyes again to fill with tears, and she dropped the book and clasped the rabbit in her arms despairingly. At that moment she caught the sound of approaching footsteps, and the form of a man emerged

from among the trees and came down along the path leading by the cabin.

It was her father's partner in the prospecting business, a rough-looking specimen of the Western mountaineer, with unshaven beard, and dress more like an Indian than a white man, and from his general appearance one would almost as readily expect sympathy and kindness from a grizzly bear; but the child's face beamed with a welcoming light, and in an instant she was flying along the path to meet him.

"Hello, little one, what's the matter now?" he asked, in cheery tones, as she paused in the path before him with the tears still glistening in the wistful eyes.

"O Tom!" she said, seizing his hand and trying to lead him into the cabin, "do come in and stay with me, just a little while; it is so lonely here, all day long, and it will be hours and hours before Jack comes home; I *do* need a mother, say, now, don't I, Tom?" The pitiful, pleading eyes were raised to his face with such a longing, craving, joyless expression, such a dearth of everything that makes childhood careless and happy, that the heart of the mountaineer was touched with pity, and, looking down upon the forlorn little figure, he said:

"You do, now, sure's your born. You ought to have a home where there's kind-hearted women folks, to say the least. You poor, little, neglected orphan creeter, I'm downright sorry for ye, and I'll stop and tell ye a story, just to give ye something to think about through the day, if I lose half an hour's work by it," and he followed the child into the cabin and sat down upon a stool, while she climbed upon another and prepared to listen. He told her a wonderful story of a little girl who lived away off in the wilderness, with no brother or sister to love and cherish her, and who cried every day for some one to love and care for her, and wished and wished for a home and a mother, until the wish become a prayer;

and in answer a beautiful angel came flying down from the gates of Heaven, and carried her away over the tops of the highest mountains, over the broad and shining rivers, and across the wide and verdant prairies until they come to a beautiful home, where there was a kind and loving woman, but no little child to make music in the costly rooms, or sing in the lovely gardens, or play on the beautiful lawns, and they wanted just such a little girl as she; and the angel left her there in the happy home, and the motherly woman took her right to her loving heart and made her glad and happy forever.

Every feature of the childish face beamed with eager, excited interest, and for a moment or two after the story was concluded she continued looking into his face with wide-open eyes; then, with a deep-drawn sigh, she said, "O Tom! how I do wish that little girl was me!"

"Well, keep right on thinkin' about it, and tryin' to be just as good as you can, and maybe the same good luck will come to you some day," he answered.

"What shall I do to be good?" she asked, eagerly.

"Well, I don't know as you've ever been anything else yet, but there's human natur' in every human bein', and the time may come when a few words spoken at the right time by the right one might save you from some great trouble," he said, talking more to himself than to the child. "You're a peart young one, and naterally good, and with the right kind o' bringin' up, you'll make a woman that the very angels might be proud of, but after awhile you may go away and live among other people, and there'll be good and bad influences all around you, and it must depend a great deal upon yourself what kind of a woman you'll be; and now, little one, I want you to remember these words all your lifetime: when you are older, and temptations come around you, stop and ask yourself, Is it right? or, Is it wrong? and when once

your own conscience tells you that an act is wrong, *don't let the devil himself tempt you to do it.*"

"The devil! who is he?" she asked, with eager interest.

"Well, now, child, you're leadin' me into deep water; but as near as I can explain it to a little creeter like you, that don't know there's such a thing as sin and wickedness in anything under the shinin' sun, will be to say that it's the nateral disposition that people have to do wrong; but I hope the good Lord will keep him out of your heart, and send you to be cared for by some true woman who will bring you up to that good and beautiful womanhood that natur' intended for you; but you'll learn all these things sometime. Only be true to your own conscience, and you will find love and happiness at last. I must go now, but keep right on thinkin' of the angel, the home, and the motherly woman, and maybe it will all come to you," and with a pitying look at the forlorn little creature he went away.

"It's too bad; it's downright wickedness!" he muttered, as he followed the rugged ascent leading to the spot where his partner had been at work for half an hour previous to his arrival. "Solitary confinement is the punishment that they give to hardened criminals after they git so bad that nothin' else'll answer; and here's this little innocent creeter, that's never done a wrong in all her life, a sufferin' all the torments of a prison bird. I won't have it; somethin' got to be done!"

For a proper understanding of our story, it will be necessary to refer to a scene upon the mountain side more than seven years previous to the time that our story begins.

One fair summer morning, while the mountain mists were still clinging to the rocks and shrubs overhanging the valley, and the rising sun gilding the fleecy clouds as they rolled back from the towering heights in "crimson floods of glory," a

beautiful woman, and with weary, listless steps, followed a path leading back among the trees and winding up the mountain-side. She was very young, not more than seventeen, and her face would have been childlike in its expression had it not been for the intense mental suffering written upon every feature, banishing every trace of youthful joyousness, and leaving only the lineaments of agony and despair.

Hers was a repetition of the old story; a runaway match in defiance of parental authority; of more faith in a lover's promises than in a parent's wisdom; of neglect and indifference afterward; of remorse and homesickness that might have been borne if sustained by the fulfillment of vows of everlasting faithfulness and devotion, but when added to a husband's neglect and dissipation was too much for the child wife's endurance.

There was a fixed purpose in the white, despairing face, a determination that never wavered as she toiled wearily up the rugged path until she paused beneath the shadow of a giant tree that had found firm footing in the crevices among the rocks.

It was upon the verge of one of the appalling cañons for which these mountains are so noted.

Far down reached the rocky walls, with jagged points jutting out here and there, as if still farther to bar the way to the already inaccessible torrent that seethed and foamed, with sullen roar, over the huge boulders, as if impatient of the gloomy walls that checked and held it there.

The woman threw her bonnet upon the ground, clasped her hands for a moment in silent prayer, then started swiftly toward the chasm; but at that instant a man sprang from concealment behind a tree and seized her by the arm.

"Eva Hilliard, what are you about to do?" he asked, drawing her back with a powerful grasp from the verge of the precipice over which she would have plunged an instant later.

A frightened shriek escaped her lips as she tried to free herself from his detaining hand. "O Tom! why didn't you let me go? the worst would have been over now, and I should have been free from all my sorrow," she said, piteously, looking at him with great, tearless eyes, reflecting the consuming grief too deep to find relief in tears.

"Have you gone raving mad?" asked the man, still holding her fast. "Don't you know that it's just as wicked to take your own life as that of any one else?"

"Why, Tom, there's nothing left for me to live for. I left every friend I had on earth for Jack, and he's left me. He didn't come home last night; he has grown tired of me, and he was all I had; my heart is breaking, Tom, and there's no agony like that; the days and nights are so long and lonely that I cannot meet the years. Oh! why didn't you let me go?" she asked, with all the hopeless anguish of a despairing soul trembling in her voice as she fixed her great, sorrow-haunted eyes upon his face.

"You poor, mistaken creeter, there's more than him to live for; he's a very small part of all creation, though you seem to think he's about all there is in it; but if he aint worth livin' for, he surely aint worth dyin' for, and you can't rush into Heaven by killin' yourself any quicker than you could by killin' him," said the man, decisively.

"O Tom!" she gasped, "I never thought of it in that way."

"I know you didn't," he answered, "but the great sin of self-murder would have been over you, just as wicked as any other murder; but you're half-crazed, you poor, sufferin' child, and I don't think the good Lord 'll lay it up agin ye this time. Now, sit down under that tree, and I'll see if I can't convince you that there would be something left in the world, even if he were taken entirely out of it." He relaxed his hold upon her arm as he spoke, but she made no motion to obey.

"You must," he said, imperatively;

"you are trembling like a leaf, and you aint strong enough to walk back to the cabin till you rest awhile."

Too weak to do otherwise, she sat down under the tree and leaned her head against the trunk, and, standing between her and the chasm, the man (whom the reader has already recognized as Tom Seward), said: "There's a mother yet in the old home beyond the Mississippi, and the sun shines just as brightly over the orchard, the green wheat fields, and the meadow as it did before you came away. Your absence makes the only shadow that darkens the old homestead, and I want you to go back to them that's always been longin' for your presence, and live as you did before he came with his false promises and flattering lies to lure you from them."

"O Tom!" she said, while a flood of tears came at the mention of the joys forever flown; "I ran away from them to marry him, and I never can go back. Father said, 'Eva, if he is more to you than father, mother, brothers, and sisters, if you care more for him than for the mother who cared for you when you were nothing but a little, troublesome piece of humanity, unable even to thank her by a word or look, henceforth you are nothing to us.' I can't go back after that; I am afraid that he would say, 'Eva, you have chosen, now abide by your choice.' But if I could only have seen mother, to tell her how sorry I was before I ended my troubles forever, I could have been happy."

"How do ye know ye could? I don't believe that anybody can find happiness by rushin' unbidden into the presence of the Almighty; do you wait till He calls you; but we'll talk of somethin' else now. Your folks won't turn ye 'way; I'm older than you and I know human natur' better. There's never been a time since you come away that they wasn't a-longin' for a sight o' your girlish face, and if your father was to look upon you now, he'd reach his arms toward you and say, 'Come

right home to me and mother, you poor, sufferin' child; there's room for you in the old home nest as long as there's a shingle on the roof.' He talked stern to you just to try and save you the very sorrows that oppress you now, and you can see that he was right; but now, that the time is past for stern words to do you any good, he'll have only pity and sympathy for his own wayward girl, and he'll take you home without asking why you went away. Besides, they know that it's perfectly nateral for young and innocent girls to trust in the promises of a bold and handsome lover, in spite of the admonitions of all the gray heads under heaven, and you can take my word for it that they won't lay it up agin ye. Now, just cheer up and git strong and well, and go back to them that's always lookin' and longin' for the face that used to be the very light of the dwellin'."

"O Tom! if I only could," she sobbed.

"Why can't you?" he asked. "Jack spends more money every week at the gaming table than it would cost to take ye clean back to the Atlantic, and if you'll only cheer up, I'll see that you have the money by the time that you are ready to go," and he drew a picture so bright and joyous of the happiness that awaited her in the glad welcome of home and kindred, that the despairing look faded from her features and the wan face grew hopeful. She raised her eyes to his face with a grateful expression, and was about to speak, when a taunting voice exclaimed, "Quit cryin' after me, have you? and comfort yourself by comin' here to meet Tom Seward. I'll kill you both and throw you over into that chasm where death won't part you!" and Hilliard himself came toward the startled pair with angry strides, holding a loaded revolver in each hand, as if fully prepared to put his threats into execution.

The woman uttered an exclamation of fright, and sank back, pale and trembling, but Seward said, in a low tone: "Don't

be alarmed. I won't harm him nor allow him to hurt you."

"Down on your knees and beg for mercy, you treacherous reprobate," commanded Hilliard, advancing threateningly toward Seward with both revolvers leveled at his heart. Seward dropped upon his knees obediently until Hilliard came close to him, then, with a lightning like stroke, he sent the revolvers flying into the air and sprang upon the disarmed ruffian with the agility of a panther.

Hilliard's nerves were not quite steady, for a night in a gambling-saloon is not the preparation that a man would require to make him a match for strong and sinewy Tom Seward, and ere many moments had elapsed he was completely overpowered, and lay at the mercy of his antagonist.

"I'll have your life for this," he gasped, as he realized the helplessness of his position.

"I reckon not," replied Seward, coldly. "I've no inclination to hurt ye, but I'll make ye listen to reason if I have to crush every mite o' breath out of your worthless body. Jest do as I tell ye, and I won't hurt ye; but don't take any more o' them nonsensical tantrums. I want you to look over into that cañon where ye threatened to throw others, and see how you like the appearance of it."

"Have you two conspired to murder me?" shrieked Hilliard, struggling frantically to free himself from the powerful grasp that pinioned him to the earth.

"No. I told ye that I wouldn't hurt ye; but you've got to take a look over there. Will you go yourself, or shall I lead ye up to it?" asked Seward, pressing the man closer to the earth to give him a better understanding of his helplessness.

"I'll look, only let me up," he gasped.

Seward released his defeated foe, and the man rose to his feet.

"Look way down to the very bottom, if ye can see so far," commanded Seward; and Hilliard advanced timidly to the verge and gazed down into the depths

below. The sullen roar of the cataract, modified only by the height of the walls that shut it in, came distinctly to his ear, as the deep, dark waters went dashing, foaming, leaping over the huge boulders that lay in their path, as if maddened by the impediments that nature had placed in their way, and warring against the walls they fain would burst asunder, while jagged points jutting out from the rocky walls, terribly suggestive in their strength and grandeur, gave additional horror to the scene, and with one glance Hilliard shudderingly recoiled from a further view.

"Think for one moment, Hilliard, of fallin' over into that gateway of—Heaven only knows what, and only twenty minutes ago your wife stood on the brink o' that awful chasm, just ready to throw herself over them hard and cruel rocks, down into that dark and terrible gorge, while a strong man like you shrinks from even a sight o' that horrifyin' prospect. Just look at her now, and think of the difference between this poor, broken-hearted creeter, and the bright and happy girl that you coaxed away from home not one year ago! If I hadn't 'a' come along just as I did, you'd 'a' been a widower now, with the sin o' her murder on your soul, just as much as if you'd 'a' thrown her over yourself. And you threatened to kill me for it! you miserable, unreasonable, quick-tempered, good-for-nothin' whelp you! don't you feel ashamed o' yourself now? or has every bit o' shame and pride and decency gone out o' your mean, low, worthless soul? Take her home, and take care of her as you'd ought to, and the very next night that you leave her alone while you spend your time with cards and whisky, I'll walk into that gambling hell and tell the boys a little story, and there's men there, bad and rough as they are, who'll give you the justice they would a horsethief, and think you deserve it a mighty sight worse!"

Hilliard stood for a moment with the full horror of the fate to which his despairing wife would have rushed to escape her present misery gradually dawning upon him.

"Just bear in mind that if you neglect her agin, I'll stir up your conscience if I have to do it with a scalpin' knife," said Seward, angrily, and with a look of shame and humiliation Hilliard went to his wife, and, extending his hand to assist her to rise, said, in gentler tones than he had addressed to her in many a day, "Come, Eva."

She rose to her feet and followed him as he led the way back to the cabin, and Tom Seward, looking after them until they disappeared among the trees, muttered: "Curse it all, why will men break into the very walls of Heaven and lure its angels forth to misery and wretchedness? It does seem as if there was wickedness enough to satisfy the very devil himself without that, and the man who kills a woman by the slow torture of a broken heart, is ten times worse than one who takes a life in a moment of passion."

A ray of hope had drifted across her darkened sky, and Eva Hilliard's heart was less despairing. A dreamy sadness took the place of hopeless despondency, and she would sit for hours thinking of home and friends, wondering if they really would receive her, and unselfishly help to restore the happiness that she had ignorantly cast away, and perhaps Jack would care for her again if he knew that others still loved and cherished her. Oh! the inconsistency of such a woman's heart, spying out, with supernatural vision, virtues apparent to none but her, clinging to a wreck like him, when none else can see any wisdom in aught but speedy abandonment. But so it is, and it must be best that it is so, or the Great Father would not have so firmly implanted this principle of fidelity in the hearts of those women who seem nearest the angels.

One morning there was a new life in that mountain cabin, a tiny form was laid upon her bosom, and the mother, scarcely more than a child herself, clasped it to her heart with a feeling of restful, satisfied, and contented possession. Here, at last, was one who would never grow cold or indifferent, who would always respond to her loving caresses, and all her own, her *very own*!

"Would it be welcome too in the old home to which she meant to take it? It would! of course it would! it was so sweet and beautiful, none could help loving it!" and so, with a smile of hope and content, she gazed upon it, and thought of the time when she could lay it in her mother's arms and receive her blessing. "I was never quite sure of a welcome home until now, but *now I know* that a mother's love will endure forever," she murmured, pressing her new-found treasure to her bosom in an ecstasy of tenderness, and closing her eyes restfully in anticipation of the happy days yet in store for her.

"Here's a letter for you," said a man who had just returned from the distant post-office, pausing for a moment at the cabin door.

Hilliard sat down by the window and proceeded to read in silence, while the wife patiently awaited the perusal.

"Who is dead?" she asked, with a sudden start, as she caught a glimpse of a black-bordered envelope as he thrust the letter into his pocket.

"Your mother," he answered, briefly.

There was a low, quivering moan, a quick, convulsive gasp, and the white face grew whiter, and the feeble pulse grew fainter, and Eva Hilliard lay pale and silent upon the rude bed in that lonely mountain cabin.

"You've broke the news too sudden!" said the woman who was attending her as she sprang forward and began to chafe the thin hands and apply such restoratives as the place afforded.

"She was always takin' on about her mother, and I thought this would settle it," said Hilliard, apologetically.

"Well, I guess *you've settled it*," said the woman, censuringly, as the moments went by and the lifeless form gave no sign of returning consciousness.

"I didn't have any idea 'twould affect her like that," said the man, in an awe-stricken manner.

"Wall, you'd orter had a leetle grain o' common sense, any how," said the woman, indignantly. "Who d'ye s'pose is goin' to take care o' this kid *now*?" she asked, referring to the infant that lay sleeping in blissful unconsciousness of the great bereavement o'ershadowing it.

"Do you suppose she's actually dead?" he asked, in a frightened tone.

"There's no reason to think she's livin'," replied the woman, shortly.

It was too true. The unexpected sorrow had broken the heart already so deeply wounded, and the poor, despairing soul had gone to meet the mother upon the "mystic shore," leaving the little image of herself to the unceasing craving for a mother's love and care which she was never to know.

The woman went to the door and beckoned to a passer-by, and, making him acquainted with the state of affairs, requested him to send others to her assistance, while Hilliard, awe-stricken and remorseful, sat in one corner of the cabin, making no demonstration of the grief that he really felt. As the people came in, he rose from his seat and sauntered aimlessly out to escape from the scene within.

Two miles from the cabin, on the bank of a stream that came down through the mountain gorges and wound its way to the valley below, was the miners' headquarters.

Giant trees sheltered the place, and tents and log shanties, scattered around with a sort of reckless, "anywhere at all" kind of an appearance, gave the place an expression of crude, unorganized civilization, and in the very midst of the shanties was

the gambling-saloon, a long, one-story building, where desperate men met to drink and gamble away the profits of many a hard day's work among the mines, or the result of lucky speculations.

A score of cowboys just from the valleys and a recent pay day were matching their skill against an equal number of miners with a sort of "make or break" abandon, intensified by frequent drinks of that withering curse of the nation, and especially of the mining districts of the mountains, which it is to be hoped that wise legislation will one day blot from the pages of our future record, when a man entered the building, and, walking into the midst of the motley group, said, "Boys, Hilliard's wife died about an hour ago."

Tom Seward sprang to his feet as if he had been shot.

"How do you know?" he asked, turning toward the intruder, with whitening face betraying the emotions that the news inspired.

"My wife was with her, and I have just come from their cabin," replied the man.

"What was the matter?" asked one of the group, as Seward's paling features began to attract attention.

"Matter? she died of a broken heart, just as your young sister or mine would have done under the same circumstances. Why, boys, she wasn't quite seventeen years old, and she'd followed him from far beyond the Mississippi, lured from a happy home by his unscrupulous promises, and clingin' to him as her only hope of earthly happiness, grievin' over his neglect and cruelty, but faithful and lovin' through it all. You all know how he spent night after night here, drinkin' and gamblin' with the rest of us, while she was at home cryin' for him in her loneliness and homesickness.

"I've seen her at the window many a time as I went by, watchin' in vain for his comin', and she'd open the door and ask, 'Have you seen Jack anywhere?' with such a pitiful quiver in her voice, and such a

hopeless, grievin' look in her eyes, that, rough mountain bear as I am, I could hardly keep the tears from my own.

"His name was always on her lips; you couldn't talk with her five minutes at a time without hearin' something about him. She'd given up all the rest o' the world for him, and he'd orter tried to have been worth all the world to her.

"The poor young heart was breakin' with disappointment and homesickness, and the sight of her white, despairin' face day after day made me think of my own little sister at home, until I couldn't bear it any longer, and I wrote to her folks and told them where she was; and all about her, and they was goin' to take her home; and now her poor sorrowin' mother will never be gladdened by a sight of her face again;" and Tom Seward brushed away a tear which he had tried in vain to repress.

"She left a baby girl," said the man, "and my wife said she 'peared to be doin' well enough till Jack got a letter with the news of her mother's death, and just as quick as he told her, she give one little cry and died."

"Why didn't he wait until she was strong enough to bear it?" asked Seward, excitedly. "There's nothing on earth so *damnable* as robbing a home of its cherished girl; and I swear by all the power of the *heavens above and the regions below*, if any man ever takes my sister from her home, and doesn't treat her accordin' to all his promises, *I'll tear his heart from his worthless body!*"

Seward was intensely excited. His nature was strength personified, and every emotion had its corresponding power. His sympathies were now deeply enlisted, and to him the name of mother and sister had a meaning so sacred that he regarded every true woman with a feeling of reverence.

He had promised himself the rare happiness of restoring the penitent daughter to those who were anxiously waiting to receive her, and the thought of

the distant friends robbed of the great joy of ever looking upon her face again by the unthinking carelessness of him who should have thoughtfully guarded her from every excitement, filled him with grief and indignation which he could not repress.

"Well, it's nothing to us," said the owner of the gaming-tables, impatient of the brief interruption of his profitable business.

"It *should* be," said Seward, savagely; "every true woman should be revered and protected by every honest man."

"*He's right! he's right!*" shouted a dozen boisterous voices; "we all have mothers and sisters, and we never fall too low to protect those of other men when occasion requires it."

Meanwhile, Hilliard, from not knowing what else to do, or perhaps in a vain attempt to escape from his own harrowing reflections, had sauntered listlessly in the direction of the camp, and at this moment entered the building, and with an abstracted air stood gazing upon the men in a vacant and bewildered way, which they construed into a heartless indifference to his recent bereavement.

"'Pears like ye might 'a' stayed with the poor creeter for the little time that ye'll have the privilege," said the disapproving voice of a stalwart cowboy who stood near the doorway.

"What does a man who'll break a woman's heart care for decent appearances afterward?" questioned a rough-looking miner from Deerlick Gulch.

"Not quite seventeen, and died of a broken heart; that tells a good deal, boys. There is a home that was left desolate when she was lured away, a mother a-pinin' all this time for the poor, wayward girl that she was never to see again, and a little orphan girl flung into this heartless world with no mother to lead her up to womanhood, or teach her to shun the shoals upon which her own happiness was wrecked: why, boys, we sometimes hang

a man for mere *horse-stealing!*" said a cowboy recently from the plains, flourishing a lariat as if contemplating a throw in Hilliard's direction.

"*Horse-stealing!*" echoed another; "it's murder in the first degree!"

"It's well for him that she wasn't my sister," said another, with a significant glance at a long rope that lay coiled up in one end of the building.

"She was *somebody's* sister, and I make a motion that we make the case our own," said a deep-voiced man from the valley mines.

"*Agreed! Agreed!*" shouted a dozen voices, and Hilliard found himself in the

midst of a throng of angry and desperate men, whose cooler judgment had been subverted by frequent draughts of whiskey, which had flowed all too freely for the last few hours.

The full significance of the scene flashed upon him as a brawny hand seized and uncoiled the rope, and the clamor and uproar of angry voices rose threateningly upon the air, and grim faces, flushed with drink and unreasoning rage, scowled ominously upon him, and cries of "*Lynch him! lynch him! Hang the man who broke a woman's heart!*" grew louder and fiercer as the excitement momentarily increased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A MARRIAGE IN THE DARK.

AT ten years of age, I, Constance Urquhart, was stricken with blindness. As well as I can remember, this did not happen suddenly; the sense of sight became obscured by degrees. A slight mist seemed at first to veil my eyes, the outlines of objects became blurred and indistinct, colors lost their vividness and blended confusedly with each other, and I was startled at times by flashes of almost intolerable brightness. Gradually the mist deepened into twilight, and twilight into the blackness of night.

I was too young to realize fully the extent of the calamity which had befallen me. My mother disliked talking about it and always endeavored to evade my questions. Only now and then I could hear her weeping quietly to herself. At first I was terribly frightened; I thought in my childish mind that the sun had departed forever, and that eternal darkness enveloped mankind. Gradually the truth dawned upon me. I, only, and a few other unfortunates, it would seem, were to be excluded from the light of day. Others could see; for them the sun and the stars continued to shine; for them the leaves grew green in summer and brown and gold in autumn, and still the world was fair. From me, alas! even the familiar face of my dearly loved mother was hidden, and she became a voice and a presence, heard and felt indeed, but unseen. I was alone in the dark.

In imagination I saw stretched out before me the long, melancholy vista of my life. Life under a ban; set apart and in-

describably solitary; to be lived through somehow amid deep gloom until it merged at last into the profounder shadow of death. Many a time I have thought it would be better to die at once and be done with it; many a time I have rebelled indignantly against my fate and shed bitter tears over it; so unmerited did it seem to me—so unjust.

And then slowly, almost imperceptibly, a new world began to open out for me; a mysterious world full of surprises and revelations of incredible things. A strange world, in which every variation of texture, every inflection of sound, carried with it new and pregnant meanings; where touch became a talisman and hearing was the keystone of knowledge; and over which music ruled with indisputable sway, the sole source of consolation and delight.

The specialists who had been consulted about my case held out little prospect of ultimate recovery, but hope never entirely died within me. Now and then faint glimmers passed across my eyes like the first filtrations of light at earliest dawn; but these departed as they came and left me in my accustomed darkness. Always they brought with them a thrill of wild delight and longing, and were followed by the reaction of profound despair.

As year after year passed away and brought no change in my condition, I grew by degrees resigned and even, in a half-hearted way, contented with my lot.

Occasionally I had a relapse. I remem-

ber on my twenty-first birthday I sat before my useless looking-glass twisting and untwisting the long coils of my hair, and wondering, for the first time in my life, what I was like. It may seem strange that I had never speculated upon this before, but it was not really so. Good-looks and bad-looks had in fact no significance for me. The voice only was of importance; by that I judged character and formed my likings and antipathies.

But on this particular day I felt an overwhelming desire to know in what guise I presented myself to the outer world. I was familiar with the shape of my face, as far as I could judge of it from touch. My nose seemed straight, my mouth small, my hair soft and abundant. But these things conveyed little tangible impression to my mind. I longed desperately to see myself, if only for an instant, to lift for a brief second the everlasting veil of night which hung over me. Placing my elbows on the table, I strained my eyes at the glass. I exerted all the force of my will. Was I successful? My nerves throbbed, and across my eyes passed a faint, ghastly glimmer. It grew brighter, brighter than I had ever seen it before, and then faded slowly away into blackness.

It was a sad disappointment. I laid my head down on the table and flooded those useless, sightless orbs of mine with tears.

My mother came in and found me weeping.

"What, crying, Conny?" she said with surprise, for I was not often taken so; "and on your birthday, too! My dear child, what is the matter?"

She sat down beside me and put her arms round me in her motherly, comforting way.

"It is only that I am foolish, mother, and can't resign myself to the inevitable. You will laugh when I tell you that I actually tried to see myself—yes, to see myself in the glass. Presumption, wasn't it? And I cried because I couldn't."

"Poor child! Poor Conny," said my mother, kissing me. "It is very, very sad for you, but I thought you had got used to it, dear, after all these years."

"There are some things one can't get used to, mother. But never mind that now. I want to hear what I am like. Am I beautiful, pretty, simply passable, or downright ugly? You never will tell me; but I'm twenty-one to-day, and I think it's quite time I knew."

"My child, to me you will always be beautiful."

"Do you know, mother, that is a most unsatisfactory answer. It sounds very pretty, but it tells me just nothing."

"You will find out all about it some day, my dear."

"I believe I'm as ugly as a witch, and that you are keeping it from me to spare my feelings."

My mother laughed softly to herself.

"I don't think any one could call you ugly, Conny," she said.

And that was all I could get out of her. With this dubious information I was obliged to be contented. From that time forward I took it for granted that I was a very plain young woman, and began to think it was just as well I could not see my image in the glass. Perhaps this was the very impression which my mother, who was a wise woman in her way, wished to convey to me. Plain or pretty, however, it mattered very little; marriage for me was out of the question, had I been as fair as Cleopatra. What man but would prefer a homely wife with a pair of useful eyes in her head to the most beautiful blind woman in the world?

As my mother declined to give me any definite information, I was compelled perforce to remain in ignorance upon the interesting question of my personal appearance. I knew of no one else whom I could consult on the subject. The dull little country town in which we lived did not afford much material in the way of society, and perhaps we had neglected to

make full use of our opportunities. My father, a medical man, had been dead many years, while the two hundred a year which we inherited on his death, though it sufficed to keep us in decent comfort, was far from enabling us to make a figure even in our own insignificant provincial circle.

With the exception of our rector, who called irregularly to look after our spiritual welfare, our only visitor was Dr. Browne, a veteran medical practitioner, and an old friend of my father's. He was the one link which connected us with the outside world, and upon him we depended entirely for our knowledge of its doings. By and by even this link was severed; the good old doctor died, and our isolation became complete. His practice, after being advertised for three months, was sold to a Dr. Saxon, whose arrival caused much excitement in our little provincial city.

We had not expected that Dr. Saxon would call upon us unless professionally: we knew our own reputation for exclusiveness and unsociability. Nevertheless, call he did, more than once, and seemed to derive considerable satisfaction from his visits.

As a sole representative of society he certainly excelled Dr. Browne. He was younger, better read, knew more of the world, and could express himself always clearly and sometimes even brilliantly. His visits became to me a source of keen pleasure. I liked the tones of his deep voice, the firm grip of his hand, the sound of his quick, alert tread. On his side he was good enough to express admiration for my musical talents—an admiration perhaps not altogether undeserved, for music was my one passion. The immense amount of time and enthusiasm which I had devoted to piano-practice would have been sadly wasted had I not become a tolerable mistress of the key-board.

In a lesser degree Dr. Saxon shared my musical raptures. He was himself a respectable violin player, and one result

of our numerous duets was that we became fast friends.

A first friendship is generally a significant episode in one's existence, but to me it was something far more. It was both an awakening and a revelation. All the pent-up sympathies of years rushed along this new outlet, life became a changed thing, full of fresh hopes and wider possibilities, and containing, as it seemed, compensations, even for me. Without being consciously in love with Dr. Saxon, I yet felt that he was becoming indispensable to my existence.

I was standing, one evening in early autumn, by the French window which opened out upon our little lawn. I knew by the time, and by a certain indefinite sensation which it always produces in me, that the sun was near its setting, and I happened to be seized with one of the vain fits of helpless longing and impotent resentment with which I occasionally varied the monotony of resignation. It was the old, weary, futile lament that I indulged in now and then, for the sake of the relief it brought me, but of which I was, none the less, heartily ashamed.

"Oh! that I could pierce the veil and see God's daylight again! Oh! for a glimpse of the free, wide sky, touched into glory by the setting sun! For that I would willingly give up the balance of my life. What, indeed, is life to me? A poor, helpless wretch, a burden to myself, and utterly useless to others."

"Pardon me, Miss Urquhart, but I think your life may yet be of great use to others. And as for your burden, your friends will endeavor to make it light for you."

I had spoken aloud, as was my wont when I thought myself alone, and so pre-occupied was I that even my keen hearing failed to detect Dr. Saxon's quick step across the lawn. It was the first time that the subject of my blindness had been, even indirectly, hinted at between us, and I felt myself blushing with shame and

mortification. It was certainly annoying to be thus caught unpacking one's soul with words, and such weak ones.

"What will you think of me, Doctor? I am afraid my reputation for fortitude is gone. It is very unlucky that you should have overheard my lamentations. But they do not mean very much. A kind of moral safety-valve; that's all."

The Doctor took my light speech for what it was worth, and answered, gravely and gently:

"Dear Miss Urquhart, I think, for my part, that you bear your affliction with admirable resignation."

"Admirable indeed, when I was railing in good set terms at things in general two minutes ago."

"Ah, well, your railing was innocent enough. You would be more or less than human if you didn't feel a little bitter at times, and it is better to give it vent, and have done with it. May I ask, to adopt the professional manner, what was the exciting cause this evening?"

"Perverseness, Doctor, that's all; and a vaporish longing for the moon; or, what to me is as difficult of attainment, a peep at the sunset. A foolish wish—my sun set forever eleven years ago."

"Let me enlist my eyes in your service, for once, and describe it to you as best I can."

"I thank you, Doctor; it would give me great pleasure—the greatest pleasure. Next to seeing for oneself, the most pleasant thing, I should imagine, is to look through the eyes of other people."

"I don't think," said the Doctor, with humorous gravity, "that as a describer of sunsets I should take rank in the very first class. I wish, for your sake, that I were a Ruskin, or a Theophile Gautier. Anyhow, I will do my best. In the first place, then, it happens to be a very fine sunset this evening."

"I was sure of it."

"From where we are standing, one can just catch a glimpse of the river, as it

winds round under a low, wooded hill. Perhaps you remember it, and the slender, thread-like spire that rises among the trees at the top?"

"It is so long since I saw it, though I have lived here all my life: but yes, I think I do remember it."

"Well, the hill and the trees look black now against the sunset; and the spire is like a little, sharply-cut silhouette, standing out against a gold background. As for the river, it is cool and dark where it runs along under the hillside, but beyond that the sun strikes it, and it glows like a flame."

"Ah!"

"Across the sky are drawn many irregular bars of clouds, looking like long purple promontories running far away into a wide sea of gold and orange and green, and this sea gets brighter and brighter as it nears the great central glow, and then fades imperceptibly into the quiet blue of the night, out of which the stars are already beginning to look down on us."

"How very beautiful it must be," said I, with an involuntary sigh.

"Beautiful it is, but that hardly expresses it all. It is grand, solemn, imposing; looking at it one's mind seems somehow to get purified, one's whole being enlarged, you are filled with a sense of mental and physical spaciousness. To me it looks like the vista of a world to come—appears the promise of a future state. It is sublime; the element of beauty is subordinate. The purely beautiful," murmured the Doctor, under his breath, "is nearer at hand."

The words, however, were not so softly spoken but that my quick ear had caught their import.

"I don't quite know what you mean by that, Doctor," said I.

"Well," he answered, after a second's hesitation, "you must forgive me if I confess frankly that I was thinking of yourself, Miss Urquhart."

"Of me!" I ejaculated, too much astonished to be coherent. "Surely you are joking."

"Do you really mean to say that you don't know what you are like?"

I reflected. I certainly did not know. I had, indeed, a general impression that I was painfully plain. Still, it was possible to be mistaken. Here was an opportunity of acquiring knowledge. To neglect it might be unwise. "It sounds very ridiculous, I daresay," I answered, slowly, "but I am obliged to admit that I haven't the slightest notion what I am like."

"Impossible!"

"Easily possible; and, in addition, quite true."

"Miss Urquhart," said the Doctor, after a pause, to enable himself to grasp fully this stupendous fact, "you are indeed a phenomenon; a *rara avis* among young ladies; but such a state of things is abnormal and portentous. Let me do for you what I tried to do for the sunset just now, and hold in my clumsy way the mirror up to nature. I will be your looking-glass—a most imperfect one—and tell you a little about yourself."

"I shall be delighted. That is, if you will promise to be severely accurate and neither critical nor complimentary."

"I will be the strictly impartial observer; and as I will nothing exaggerate, so I will set down naught in malice."

"Very well—go on, then—*imprimis*."

"*Imprimis*, you are tall."

"I know it," said I, calmly; "five feet seven."

"You are aware of that; very well. To particularize further: your hair is abundant and of an indescribable golden-brown color; your forehead good, intellectually speaking; artistically—here the impartial observer asserts himself—it may be, perhaps, a thought too high; a defect, if it be a defect, which is corrected by the natural wave of the hair. Eye-brows well defined and mathematically arched. As for the eyes themselves, they are large,

bright, and of a clear hazel. Except for a far-away look, which tells us doctors a good deal, no one would imagine that you had not—well, the perfect use of them. They are shaded by long lashes; nose straight, and delicately chiseled; mouth—"

"Pray spare me further details and get on at once to the general effect."

"Now, I call that unreasonable. You can no more get a general effect without details than you can make a wall without bricks. However, I will be as brief as possible. To proceed, then: your chin, Miss Urquhart, I speak as impartially as I can, is—well, perfect. There is in the centre of it a very effective dimple."

"Please, Doctor," I protested.

"Facial outline," continued he, imperceptibly, "a pure oval; complexion, a very admirable blending of red and white."

"Dr. Saxon, I shall leave the room if you don't stop."

"The impartial observer apologizes; and being admonished, leaves detailed criticism and hastens to sum up. His conclusion—on which he is prepared to stake his professional reputation—is that you have rare beauty, Miss Urquhart, and that of a very superior order. He trusts you are not offended."

"Oh! how could I be? But I think you are very much mistaken."

"Not in the least, I assure you. It isn't a question of mere prettiness, about which there might easily be a difference of taste. No two opinions are possible in your case."

It was true, then. I believed I could trust the Doctor's judgment, and there was no mistaking the sincere ring of his voice. I trembled with pleasure. Vain was all my careful schooling and elaborately evolved indifference to personal appearance. Here was I, a very woman, glowing with pride and pleasure at the thought that some poor share of personal beauty had fallen to my lot. Instinct is ineradi-

cable, I suppose, and it is a woman's instinct to like to look pretty. My exaltation, however, was of brief duration. The next moment I was sounding the depths, overwhelmed by the thought of my blindness. My eyes filled with angry tears. I felt that the Doctor was watching me, and turned my head aside. Then I heard him rise and pace up and down the room. Presently he halted and stood in front of me.

"Miss Urquhart," said he, abruptly, "I came this evening to say good-bye; I am going up to London for six months."

"To London!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. I want to complete some surgical studies in one of the great hospitals."

"Why, I thought you had finished your student's career long ago."

"That is true in the ordinary sense; but a scientific man is more or less a student all his life. There is a subject in which I am deeply interested. I have a theory of my own about it that I wish to test practically. Before I go I want to ask a favor of you, Miss Urquhart. Will you let me examine your eyes?"

I assented, as a matter of course. It was not the first time I had been examined by curious scientists, and rang the bell for the lamp.

Dr. Saxon made his examination with the greatest care. I do not think my eyes had ever before been subjected to so minute a scrutiny. His manner was wholly professional, his questions few and to the point.

"Have you ever had any sensation of light?" was his last demand; "any feeling that the darkness was lifting, so to speak?"

"Yes. Three or four times a kind of gray mist seemed to rise in front of me. It was very bright the last time. I almost thought I was going to see."

"How long ago was that?"

"Six months. On my twenty-first birthday."

"Ah! Thank you very much; I won't trouble you with any more questions. Really, how late it is getting! I must be

off at once; my hands are very full just now, as you may suppose. Good-bye, Miss Urquhart. You have greatly obliged me by allowing me to make this examination."

"Do you think there is any hope for me?" I asked, plaintively.

"Hope! Of course—of course," said he, vaguely. "We doctors never give up that if we can help it. It is the finest of all medicines. Good-bye, once more!" and the Doctor grasped my hand with a kind, firm pressure, and was gone.

It was fully twelve months before I saw him again. He went, I heard afterward, first to London and thence, attracted by some great scientific luminaries, to Paris and Vienna. I am not ashamed to confess that the year of his absence appeared to me by far the longest in my life. With him my grasp on the realities of the world seemed to depart, and I sank back, with a shudder, into my old formless, objectless, meaningless existence. True, I had my mother, and the affection between us was deep and sincere; but there was too great a similarity about our mental processes; long familiarity had made us too well acquainted with every turn of the other's thought for our intercourse to be relieved much above the dead level of monotony. Music was my great solace, the chief weapon wherewith to ward off ennui and bring about a momentary feeling of contentment.

I have a rather fanciful habit, Wagnerian though it be, of associating certain airs with particular people. There is, for instance, a plaintive little melody of Mendelssohn's which invariably recalls my mother to me; and Dr. Saxon will always be linked in my mind with Raff's Cavatina, for I was playing it softly to myself one evening when I heard his step in the hall. I ceased at once, and the next moment the Doctor was standing in front of me holding both my hands in his own.

"Well, Miss Urquhart," said he, "here

I am back again, and I hope you are very glad to see me."

"Very glad indeed," I answered, withdrawing my hands, for I felt myself blushing like a school-girl.

"And I am delighted to be here again. It seems so like home, after wandering about among the capitals of Europe."

"It gives me great pleasure to hear you say that."

"When I came into this room, just now, and heard the music, and saw you seated at the piano in your white dress, with the firelight glancing on your hair, I felt—I wish I could tell you how I felt."

"Surely you are not afraid of a poor blind girl?"

"Well, I am not quite so certain of that. You don't know how formidable you can look at times, Miss Urquhart."

"I'm sorry. I hadn't the least intention of looking formidable."

"Formidably lovely, I mean."

"You ought not to say such things, Dr. Saxon."

"I can't help myself; they come out against my will." The Doctor paused, and then went on in a sudden burst of energy. "I must make a clean breast of it, now or never. Dear Miss Urquhart,—Constance—the fact is, I love you. I have done so, it seems to me, from the first. Forgive my stupid, blundering way of saying it. I have come to ask you to be my wife."

A proposal of marriage! I could hardly believe my ears. Was the world coming to an end? So extraordinary and unlooked-for an occurrence fairly took my breath away, and rendered me for the moment speechless.

But the Doctor was a man of action, and had heard somewhere that silence indicates consent. His arm stole gently round my waist, and I felt his lips on my cheek.

For a moment I let myself go. The sense of repose, of rest, of protecting affection, was too delicious, and I loved

the Doctor. I realized it now for the first time. Then I knew, or fancied I knew, that I was not doing my duty; and it is a pity that duty should be so often disagreeable. It did not seem to me that my way of life ran along such pleasant paths as these. I disengaged his arm and pulled myself together.

"Dr. Saxon," I stammered, "I am grateful to you, believe me; deeply grateful. But you must see that this is impossible. Marry a woman who will assist you to fight the battle of life; don't be dragged down by a poor, sightless wretch like me. It is too great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice! Rubbish!" the Doctor cried. "Who talks of sacrifice? The only question is, do you care for me?"

I turned my head aside; he was reading my face, I knew, and that was betraying me.

The next moment he had me in his arms.

"Ah, I see how it is," he cried, triumphantly; "you do love me, Conny, just a little, don't you?"

"Well, yes; if you must know."

"And you can talk of sacrifice," he went on, still a little indignant. "The sacrifice is all on your side, if you only knew it, you lovely simpleton. How do you suppose a poor ugly devil of a hard-working commonplace doctor could hope to win one of the most beautiful women in England"—for so he talked in his infatuation—"if she had all her senses about her? I am simply the luckiest medical man in the United Kingdom."

What did I care if he were poor and ugly, it was enough that we loved each other. That was material sufficient for happiness.

And happy we were, to a degree which a short time before I should have thought impossible on earth. It was only when my first baby was born to me that I began again to regret my want of sight.

I was assured on all sides that my child was a miracle of infantine loveliness, and

though by no means unwilling to believe this, I felt a natural longing to be able to judge for myself. Often I passed my hand over the soft baby features, and tried to picture them in my mind, but so long had I lived in darkness that it was difficult for me to form even the idea of a face. I don't think I had at this time any hope of ever regaining my sight, though, to please my husband, I bathed my eyes regularly, night and morning, with a certain lotion he gave me.

Imagine, then, the astonishment, almost the awe, I felt when my dear Doctor said to me one day: "You will want all your courage to-morrow, Conny; but I think you have plenty."

"Courage for what?" I asked, innocently.

"I am going to operate on your eyes, dearest. And may God give me skill!"

—
Light! light at last! Only the dim uncertain light of a darkened room it is true, but how glorious, how divine it seemed. The first glimpse of land to a shipwrecked sailor, the vision of Paradise to a tempted saint, I can only compare it to such things; things long-hoped for, keenly desired, despaired of, and found at last. But all comparisons are weak enough to express the rapture, the almost frantic joy, the passionate gratitude that filled my heart.

I know I screamed aloud, and in an instant the bandages were replaced.

The first thing I saw distinctly when I was permitted to use my newly recovered sense a little was my boy in his nurse's arms. My informants had not deceived me. Nothing surely could be brighter than his eyes, more charming than his expression, or more altogether delightful than the little dimpled fist which clutched at my finger when they placed him on my knee. Then I turned to look for my husband, my hero. I owed it all to him—eyesight, happiness, a greater gift than life itself. It was for this he had studied

in London, and worked in Paris and Vienna. To be grateful enough for such an immense obligation was impossible, but I longed to thank him, however inadequately, for what he had done for me.

A tall, dark, very distinguished-looking young man was standing by my chair gazing down upon me with kindly brown eyes. I remember wondering who he could be.

"Can't you guess my name, Conny?" said he.

My husband's voice! The veil between us was rent at last. I flung my arms round his neck and looked at him with pride and wonder. How could he say he was ugly and commonplace?

"Why did you tell me such stories?" were my first words to him. My husband laughed.

"You see, darling," said he, "you had got an idea into that pretty little head of yours that I was making some sort of a sacrifice. By running myself down a little—not much—I thought to make matters easier. But come with me. I want to show you the kind of sacrifice I made."

And my husband slipped my arm within his own, and piloted me carefully out of the room and along the passage; for I was at first very uncertain about distances, and sometimes even shut my eyes in order to move about more confidently. We entered a cozy little chamber in which a bright fire was burning. A carefully shaded moderator lamp stood on a small table, and not far from it were placed two magnificent cheval glasses.

"Now, Conny," said my husband, "I want you to look straight in front of you, and to give me your candid opinion of what you see there."

I looked obediently, but the sense of sight was too recently acquired for me to perceive, at once, the nature of the things I gazed at. The reflection I saw in the glass seemed to me a mysterious kind of

picture. I recognized my husband's figure, and beside him stood a tall, handsome girl, with fair hair and brilliant eyes. His arm was round her waist, and she leaned upon him confidently, apparently very much at home.

"She is exceedingly pretty," said I, startled into admiration. "But who—"

I stopped short, for as I turned half jealously toward him the figure in the glass turned too. "Why, it is my own reflection," was my wondering exclamation.

"Little Vanity," said my husband, laughing. "As if you didn't know who it was!"

But I protest I didn't.

C. H. PALMER.

MISSED.

THE air is rife with the springtide,
The hillslopes are all aglow ;
The hyacinths nod in the sunlight,
While the daffodils swing to and fro.
But methought, as I walked in the garden,
Alone in the bright, sunny hours,
A shadow that might have been sorrow
Crept over the beautiful flowers.
For while the lilies where blooming, adown by the river's side,
We tearfully, lovingly laid to rest,
Her white hands folded across her breast,
The sister, who ever had walked by my side.

The swallows are busy building
Under the mossy eaves ;
The ringdove his mate is calling
Amid the flowers and leaves ;
But oft when the song rose sweetest
I have heard a soft refrain,
As though the singers' gladness
Had thrilled with a chord of pain.
Then into my heart this thought has crept—
Even the birds miss her voice ;
Even they might not rejoice,
While under the daisies one singer slept.

Ah me, how little it matters,
When the heart is heavy and sad,
That the flowers are blooming brightly,
That the singer's voice is glad !
We turn away from the sunlight
And blindly cling to our woe,
Forgetting that ever through Time
The waters of Marah flow.
We learn in the valley of sorrow,
Though we heed our brother's moan,
There are sorrows that cannot be shared ;
There are losses we cannot be spared,
And each aching heart must bear its own.

MARY E. SNOW.

CHAMP.*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH the days that followed were eventless, my uneasiness intensified until, at times, it amounted to distress. My constitutional peculiarities, supersensitiveness to the imponderable, immeasurable influence possible to mind over mind, sympathetic receptiveness of emotional impressions, and intense nervous excitability, combined to throw my nature into the attitude, and subject it to the manifestations evidenced in the physical world on the eve of a change of conditions. Expectancy, dread, shrinking, a sense of the inevitable, and a certain desperate courage possessed me. The crisis approached, and, in my inmost soul, I felt that Mr. Morris and the woman were near me; that the invisible current of their will, the insistent power of their thought, surrounded me. Comprehension of these things, or of the laws through which they operate, is utterly beyond me; but the concentration of those three minds, and their opposition to each other, produced currents and counter-currents in my spiritual atmosphere which impressed their intangible presence on my inner consciousness with as much force as though they had been visible to my bodily perceptions.

My interest deepened, and from it sprang impatience, eagerness for action, a strong desire to hurry events; and after

that calmness and a bracing of the nerves for conflict or endurance.

The room I occupied was on the ground floor in a one-story annex to the main building, of older date than the rest of the house, from which it protruded like the head of a terrapin from its shell. In making arrangements for us, Mr. Morris, pleased with its quaintness, had chosen this chamber in preference to one on the upper-floor rightly conjecturing that a woman who apparently consumed two-thirds of her life in ascending and descending would be thankful for release from stairways.

It was part of the nature of the man to be thoughtful in small things; to make his care for others permeate the minutiae of their lives like a subtle perfume. It is a rare gift.

The room pleased me greatly; it was unique and individual; it had a delicious corner fire-place, and quaint oaken cupboards in the other angles that suggested dames in red quilted petticoats and high peaked hats, and dogs with tails awag with prayerful eagerness. The ponderous bed had brass boots on its legs, and the fluted continuations that rose ceilingward were divided into sections by carved pineapples with inverted leaves. It was decorated above and below with valances of cord-lace knotted and woven into marvelous intricacies calculated to impress

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the beholder with amazement at the patience of the women of "ye olden time" and the power of their fingers. The substantial slats were lifted high, and on them beds piled skyward, until the nightly ascent became a feat of agility in which one might take pride. From the side of the structure Champ's little bed jutted out after the manner of the room itself from the main building. The rest of the furniture was *en suite* for height and weight and volume, and, tall woman as I am, I could never see lower than the third button of my dress when I stood before the bureau, even by tilting the glass.

The thing which delighted me most, however, was an old-fashioned chair precisely similar to one used by my grandmother down on the old plantation in my little girl days. It was immensely tall and wide and deep, like a great box stood on end, with a cushioned shelf across it, and was covered with wonderful old chintz, whereon birds of paradise, head downward, plucked cherries from what looked to be branches of arbor-vitæ. This chair speedily became my favorite indoor lounging place, and I caused it to be placed close by one of the windows, at an angle which would allow me to keep an eye on Champ as she played in the yard outside. The room had two windows; but the one I affected commanded a view of the sea and the bend of the beach toward the eastern headland. An angle of the house cut off sight of the gate and that portion of the yard which lay in front of the stoop—or "gallery," as we would say at home. The windows showed the antiquity of the room, for the panes were diamond shaped and of imperfect glass, and the sashes opened in the middle and swung casement-wise on hinges. The window-seats were deep, and low enough to allow of a person's looking into the room from the ground outside. Under my window a rough stone bench built against the side of the house furnished a step from which it was quite easy to scale the

window, provided the sash should be open. Accustomed to the precautions of the city, this had troubled me at first, and I had been careful to turn the key in the quaint old lock which formed the fastening every night; but in the quiet of a place where all were neighbors, and house-breaking and vagrants without the pale of experience, the idea of danger faded from my mind, and the old careless habits of my youth resumed their sway. One window had a table across it, and the other would be locked or not, according to the ebb or flow of my caution.

The room was semi-detached, and by closing my door, and that of the little vestibule into which it opened, I could be isolated completely from the rest of the house. There was never a sense of loneliness, however, for the bench under my window was the asylum, in mild weather, of Mrs. Turner's "good man" whenever the activity of the main building would become too omnipresent and insistent. In the spring gloamings he would lounge there with his pipe, and star-gaze and watch the flowing of the tides and dream, perhaps, of his vanished youth. Sometimes a village crony, avoiding the bustle and cleanliness of the front, would slouch around the corner, and come to anchor on the old bench beside Turner, and the pair would chuckle and joke and spin old yarns with many ramifications of wind and tide, and consume rank tobacco with the surreptitious complacency of men running a cargo on the dark of the moon and right under the nose of the revenue.

The first evening after my arrival old Turner had hovered about in a restless, purposeless fashion that had attracted my attention. I had leaned from the window and spoken to him, ignorant then of his habits and of the existence of the bench. He had responded eagerly, coming forward with a certain deprecation of gait and gesture which caused me to conjecture that in some way my advent had tangled the lines of his life. A little ques-

tioning elicited the fact that "arter spring broke" he was accustomed to smoking a vesper pipe on the bench beneath my window; but that his wife had interdicted the pursuit as likely to prove annoying, and that, as yet, he "couldn't make shift to run to another harbor."

On being assured that it would annoy me far more to be the occasion of his having to seek other anchorage, and that the uncertainty of the duration of my stay made it unnecessary that the family habits should be changed on my account, the old fellow had given a grunt of content, and established himself in his accustomed nook without more ado. And I heard him remark *en passant* to his wife shortly afterward that he had "hear'n tell that Southern folks was keerless and comf't'ble to pull with, and he guessed 'twas so, jedgin' frum the one they'd got in tow."

Turner's special intimate, his *fidus achates*, was an old gaffer named Simon Rockett, from the packing-houses down in the village. Simon had been a fisher of repute in his day, and had drafted the treasures of the deep until his entire man seemed redolent of finny odors. Nor had his talk escaped, for it would come in hurried, flapping snatches, with dead pauses in between, like the movements of a fish just landed. The gale of advancing years had driven Simon shoreward and grounded him in the packing-houses where brine and mackerel were still the leading adjuncts of his existence. In their evening gossips I noticed that Turner, with rare consideration, would always place his guest at the extreme end of the bench and to windward of the window whenever he had reason to believe that I was ensconced in my big chair.

The casement stood open one soft May evening, and the air, vigorous with sea-strength under all its mildness, stole into the room bringing with it scraps of the old men's talk. They knew that I was there, for both had given me "good evening" ere they settled themselves; but my presence

never seemed to incommode them any more than theirs did me. Champ and Martha were making a garden in a corner, the maid with painstaking stolidity, the child in her crimson cloak flashing here and there like a fire-spirit. As I leaned back in my chair the square opening of the window framed a lovely picture; a pale sky with gray clouds touched with color from the setting sun, like banks of Spanish moss scattered over with petals of roses; below a reach of shimmering sea, and nearer the dun shore, the green of the yard, and the warm depth of color of the child's cloak. The old men were not visible, and the only suggestion of their proximity to the picture was a thin thread of feathery smoke which drifted across one corner and vanished higher up, where aerial currents caught it.

The men's talk was of tides and under-currents and such matters.

"It's er cu'rous thing," commented Turner, meditatively, "ther fo'ce them headlands yander gets into the tide by cow-hornin' ther way they does. Comin' in or gwine out you kin feel ther dif'ence time you git in suction o' them thar p'int's: they sorter jam it together an sluice it. I've gone out thar on the turn, and come in on the turn, in a dead calm, and ther boat would bob like the float o' er fishin' line, and spank along like she'd er gale to quarter. It's a handy thing fur them that knows how to handle it. Er man kin set plumb and 'tend to his tiller, and let ther tide heft him along, th'out settin' sail or dippin' oar. It's awk'ard for folks whar don't understand thar biz'n'es, though. Ez spry to hinder as 'tis to help."

"'Count o' runnin' out to sea."

The tone of the interpolation savored rather of assertion than query. Simon was not of those unversed in the ways of water.

"'Count o' that devil's current in ther est'ary that runs with ther slack. Ef er boat gits flung out'n this here bay and

tangled up in them currents *gwine out*, she'll nose blue water afore she makes her berth agin. It's happened to folks whar warn't aimin' to make it, well as to them whar war."

Simon's rejoinder was a response to unspoken thought only possible to deep intimacy.

"'Twar a cross-cut calkerlation to name that flitter-wing gal—Prudence. I steered that course at fust and I never seed reason to tack. The *name* she had, but ther gift wasn't in her. If 'twas in ther power o' human critters to sense ther sort o' vi'ages a little craft 'll make arter she's launched they'd hev more light on namin' 'em. I guess Dick Blake flung in ther name hap-hazard like—fur ballast. *Keerless* was ther title that natu'ally belonged to her."

"'Twarn't *keerlessness* n'other," demurred Turner, "'twas *ambishusness*. Prudence allus aimed to do things ahead of her power. She was a tight-built gal and could handle a boat same ez a boy in likely water; but she undertook to *sar-cumnavigate* them currents with a squall humped up behind ther headland. Ruth Hatcher dar'd her? I know that; but Ruth war'n't no weather prophet no mor'n ther little shrimp thar. Didn't n'ary gal sense what was comin'. It started a frolic and it ended wuss'n a funeral. Ruth dar'd Prudence to row from p'int to p'int on an ebb tide, an' swo' she couldn't, and Prudence—not havin' none—swo' she could, and thar 'twas. She could too, bein' a lusty lass, ef the wind hadn't helped the water in the weassle. When she got half way—Ruth holdin' agin ther shore and lookin' at her—that infernal squall jumped on her and whirled her round same ez a hummin' top, and set her head seaward, and then ther tide sent her straight into ther est'ary current like a mack'el frum a landin' net. Ther gal mout er weathered it, howsomever, if that blasted squall hadn't been fust runner of ther wust

storm that come that season. Arter word got to the village 'twas nigh fifteen hours afore a boat could put to sea to hunt for her, and by then she'd got such a start 'twas a starn chase."

"They never found the boat for a fortnight, did they? I disremember."

Simon's voice made a queer down movement on the word *boat*, as though a mackerel should flap with his tail. I listened for the answer. The drily told story had interest for me.

"Thirteen days from the arternoon o' the frolic to the mornin' the men brung home the empty boat and the gal's sun-bonnet. Folks call it a fortnight, but 'twarn't even tally. I kept 'count and knows. The men from here never foun' her. Some fishermen over agin Boon Island picked her up—driftin'. Her oars had been washed from ther rowlocks, and 'twarn't nothin' in her but the gal's bunnet jammed under ther rowin' bench."

"'Twas calkerlated as how she flung herself overboard in sea-madness."

"Folks said it. I dunno. Nigh a fortnight o' no vittles, and water not fitten to drink would'r chunked out more fire'n likely to be inside a gal o' fifteen. Her folks war pow'ful down-sot when the boat was fetched back—Ruth 'special. Ruth sensed 'twar *her* fault fur aggravin' and naggin' Prudence into startin'. She gut religion arter that, Ruth did, and prays regular fur them that goes down to the sea in ships—off-settin' one agin t'other, I guess—to sorter even the scales in the hand o' the A'mighty."

Simon drew the smoke through the stem of his pipe with a sucking noise, but made no comment.

Turner proceeded. "Folks say that Prudence's speret hev been seed since the accident. I dunno myself—and I don't want to n'other. Y'earthly sperets air torment enough fur a peacable man. But the boys calkerlate they've sensed the figger o' a woman in er boat, driftin' out on ther tide some severial times, beyand

ther headlands. When they'd pull to'ard it 'twould sorter melt away."

"Fog-bank," suggested Rockett.

"Dunno. Ther boys say 'twar'n't. Thar's an old tale 'bout the motion o' the sea keepin' drowned folks from restin'. Some people believe it."

"A sight o' calkerlations don't figger out no great total," quoth Simon, sententiously. "'Twas said Jabez Trimble, whar shot himself, had roused up arter fifty ye's, and was vi'aging around with the old flint-lock he done it with layin' in the hollow of his arm. Folks got white in the gills and flitched and darted every time they'd a call to cruise around whar the body war found arter sundown. 'Twas diskivered arter while that the ghost warn't nobody but Peter Wimbush from back in the kentry arter curlews with his gran'daddy's old musket. 'Twas a big joke on the ghost-seers, and they salted down thar visions and packed 'em."

"Cu'rous things hev been seed, though," asserted Turner, dogmatically.

"Who seed 'em? Nobody with what you may call horse sense—no *man*."

A long trail of smoke arose as though a pipe responded to disdainful puffs.

Turner's tone, in reply, was deliberate, but a trifle nettled.

"It's forty-nine ye'r come fourth o' July at sun-up, since I got inter my fust tail-coat and hilt myself for a man. I've made out pretty smart, too, with the intel-lecks I've got—horse sense or man sense. Mebby I'm a wall-eyed idget, mebby I aint, but I seed what I seed, and that's all about it."

"Seed *what*?" curiosity mingled with incredulity in the question.

"See'd something n'other! I dunno what 'twas exzactly—*felt* it too, and mor'n that, my old dog Bowser—ez true a dog ez ever chawed a mack'el—would tell the same tale if Providence had gifted him with speech. It happened last night, and it's a right curious thing."

With interest instantly alert, I leaned

forward on the window-sill, anxious to lose no word of what should follow. The men were visible now, Rockett resting against the houseside in an attitude of attention, and Turner cleaning out the bowl of his pipe with his knife as he talked. He glanced around and saw me and the importance of his expression intensified. The addition to his audience was not displeasing. Champ, at her play, laughed gleefully.

"If you'll cast your mind back," commenced Turner, "you'll remember 'twas a scuddy day yesterday, with a good capful of wind, northeast and by north, and a nasty, measly sky afore sundown. I'd been bay fishin' and had right smart luck, and fetched in a good bunch o' fish. Just ez I was comin' in, not noticin' 'twas gettin' late, the supper horn blowed. Mis' Turner, she just natu'ly can't abide to be kept waitin' when she's dished up, and if she *be* kept, she'll make them sorry whar done it. No sensible man 'll spile a woman's temper 'bout his vittles, bekase she can get mor'n even with him by spilin' the vittles. Mis' Turner air a spry cook and house-keeper, and I never crosses her in it. I was a little behind time, and sharp-set, and knowin' Mis' Turner's ways I just took out the fish and lines and shipped my oars, meanin' to come out arter supper and make things snug. The ring the painter went through was loose, I noticed, and I guessed I'd better screw it up a bit if 'twas goin' to be squally, and the run o' mack'el up aloft signed fur dirty weather. The moon full'd last night and 'twixt scuds 'twas light enough 'long shore to pick up a pin. I'd some few chores to do mor'n common, and arterward I smoked a pipe here and hearkened to Mis' Winn singing to the little sprout inside, and bedogged if the boat didn't drift clean out'n my calkerlations till I'd took off my coat and unhitched my galluses to go to bed. It sailed into my remembrance then like a minnow in a mack'el's mouth. 'Name o' sense!' I ses, and hitched up my gal-

luses agin. Mis' Turner wanted to know 'name o' sense, *what?*—and bounced up in bed right active. But I run easy, and never let on that that boat o' mine hed a han'some chance to git to sea th'out a captain if it should come on to blow hard. I'd let a boat drift off once before, twenty-five ye's back, and she hadn't got over it yet, so it looked onconsiderate to float another on her. I said I'd left my pipe outside and was 'feared 'twould git broke, and come on out while Mis' Turner was guessin' she wished 'twould.

"'Twas gittin' on high tide, and aloft clouds was banked about waitin' fur orders, but the wind was low yet, and the moon between the headlands lay agin the sky like a silver plate, and along the water was a broke-up shinin', for the bay was rough, just p'int and dapples, like fish scales when the sun strikes 'em slantin'. Bowser come out from under the stoop and him and me started along shore. I took a screw-driver to tighten up the ring, and made all snug and secure. Comin' back I walked slow bekase my rheumatics caught me once in a while, and I wa'n't in no great hurry nohow. The dog trotted ahead, lookin' over his shoulder every ten yards to be sociable. When he got nigh the gate, on that cle'r strip o' beach, he stopped short and throw'd up his head like a dog at gaze. I never thought nothing, comin' on behind, t'well he opened his mouth and gin such a long, lonesome howl that it look like all his inside must be a bellows. 'Twas the mournfulest howl I ever hearn, like wind in a narrow place, and I called to the critter feelin' like he must be in trouble. He never took no notice, standin' rigid like a figger-head, and his face sot to'ards the house. I hurried and come up with him.

"When I come plumb on line with the dog, if you'll b'lieve me, somethin' n'other run all through me like cold water, only stingin' and pricklin' like water don't, and I pulled up so short I like to fell forred

on my face. Thar I stood like a stater, and thar stood the dog; move I couldn't, so much as one foot before the y'uther; look like I grow'd solid to the ground and warn't to come unloosed t'well judgment. I tried to holler out, my voice was solid, too; to turn round, but my eyes was plumb nailed to the conder o' the house to'ards this y'ere window—thar was a black shadow layin' on the ground thar, and look like salvation was all blocked up by that shadow. The dog had quit howlin' and stood like he was cut out o' rock. I couldn't touch him, but I know'd a hard shove mout fling him over solid, but it couldn't move him no other way. Then, out'n the blackness o' the shadow drifted another, blacker still, and in the semblance o' a woman. 'Twas tall and slim and black from head to foot; its garmin's never moved with its walkin'—it 'peared to float on an even keel with not a breath a-stirring. On it come straight to'ard me, and I never moved, nor I warn't skeered, bein' so numb. When it draw'd nigh the gate the latch lifted itself and the gate swung open; when the thing had passed out it swung shut agin easy, with no noise, and not a hand laid on it. The dog began to jerk and twitch like a fit was comin' on; but I never felt nothin' t'all—I didn't have no power, but I was sensible. The thing come with a windin', wreathin' motion, like a water-spout, and when it passed me my blood run heavy and turned back'ards. It had been light as day, but, all at once, the seud mustered, like orders had come, and draw'd up, and draw'd up, t'well it met like armies j'in-ing; the moon went out and t'was dark sudden, just as if you'd shut your fingers on the flame o' a candle. Something run through me agin like pins and needles, and my ha'r ris' and goose-flesh broke out, and the dog moaned, low down in his throat, and huddled agin my legs. Then I know'd the thing was gone, and that the blood in my veins and the critter's was loosening and running free agin.

"Arter a little the scud broke up and fell away to'ards the rim o' the sky and the moon come out and showed every-thing natu'l as ever 'twas. The gate was shut and the house looked like it did when I went out, and thar warn't no shadow at the corner, for the moon had sailed up high and the shadows laid close. 'Twarn't nothin' in sight that hadn't been thar all along, and I went on in the house thinkin' I'd dreamed some crazy dream. The clock struck when I got inside, and t'was passed the turn o' the night and I'd been gone two hours. Mis' Turner had dropped off to sleep and never noticed. I never said nothin' then, wantin' time to think it out and onderstand it. And I've thunk and thunk all day and I'm blamed if I onderstand it any better'n I did fust."

To one of his listeners the matter needed no explanation. Making due allowance for terror and exaggeration, the sensations described were familiar to me. It would be quite within the power of so wonderful a medium as Madame Silva to hold man and dog motionless and magnetized by the influence of her will for such time as would answer her purpose. Similar cases were on record as evidence of an unusually strong development of magnetic power. There had been human agency in the occurrences of the previous night, as there must ever be in spiritual manifestations during the life of the body; and the agent had been Madame Silva.

The talk of the old men, their comments and conjectures, passed me like the babble of a shallow stream. My mind was busy with plans for extra watchfulness, for more subtle caution. The waters were deepening around my little one and the poor, half mad creature who had given her birth. The knowledge that the woman was near braced me, steadied my nerves, and at the same time excited them, as a soldier is excited on the eve of battle. My thought flew instantly to Mr. Morris; the presence of the woman suggested that of the man. He was coming—perhaps already here.

My heart beat with fierce, rebellious joy, that I strove to hold under and strangle.

The sun had set and the grayness of twilight stole in from the ocean. I leaned from the window to call Martha to bring the child in the house. She stood with her little shovel in her hands and her hat pushed back, gazing in the direction of the front gate, which was invisible from the window. Suddenly she threw the shovel down and scampered off as fast as her sturdy little legs would carry her. My intuition forestalled the glad cry that came back to me:

"Farder! farder! Baby see farder coming!"

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. MORRIS had reached the little railroad town too late for the steamer and had ridden over on horseback. It was only forty miles across country, although by water twice that distance. More than a month had passed since our last meeting, and even in the twilight the change in him was noticeable; the lines of his rugged face seemed more pronounced and irregular, and his eyes had a weary, stern expression, like the eyes of a man who has kept duty so fixedly before him as to lose sight of all else but its rigor. While he sat in the living-room with Champ on his knee, and exchanged kind words with the Turners, the change faded and withdrew a little; but later, when we were alone together and the necessity for keeping up appearances vanished, it made itself painfully apparent.

"You've been working too hard," I ventured, trying hard to keep the anxiety out of my voice.

"No, I think not. Less of that than usual. We have made changes at the office since you left New York and my work is less confining—can be done anywhere, in fact. I did some of it in the train coming on. I'm right enough: the strain tells a little, perhaps. And you?—

how have you been? Champ's looks speak for her; but you are not so flourishing."

During my reply Mrs. Turner came into the room to speak about accommodations, for, in his fraternal character, Mr. Morris would be domiciled under the same roof with us. Then Champ claimed her father's attention and was clamorous and insistent. It was only when supper had been dispatched and the child put to bed that we found an opportunity for consultation. At Mr. Morris's suggestion we went out on the beach, where we could be secure from interruption. I drew him to that part which commanded a view of my window, and we walked slowly backward and forward as we talked.

"You know, of course, that she is here," I observed, as soon as we were out of ear-shot of the house.

"I supposed she must be. She disappeared from New York three days ago. She had been gone nearly twenty-four hours before I found it out; but I followed as quickly as possible. When did she get here? Has she seen Champ?"

"I don't know. You'll think it morbid excitability, or over-wrought imagination in me, I suppose, but all day yesterday the consciousness that she was coming—was close at hand—was strong upon me. You know the strange effect, the instinctive antagonism, her sphere has always produced in me. It was that which made me so sure. If she has seen Champ it must have been from a distance, for the child hasn't been out of my sight all day."

"Has she been seen? Do you know where she is?"

"No. She was seen last night."

"By you?"

"By Mr. Turner." Then I repeated the story old Turner had told just before his arrival.

He sighed impatiently.

"Why can't people be content with the natural life while they are in the natural world? This other thing—this premature grasping after that which should come in

regular sequence, to come healthily, can be productive of nothing but misery to all concerned. In trying to absorb infinity into time the significance is taken out of both."

His tone was weary and irritated, and even his enduring pity for his wife seemed, for the moment, over-laid by exasperation and hopelessness. The constant protest of his faithful, thorough nature against neglect of human duties and evasion of human responsibilities had almost worn him out. It had been hard lines for him all through.

My heart ached for him; but I was speechless. What comfort dared I give another woman's husband? A bit of seaweed, caught in the hem of my dress, made a scraping noise on the hard sand. I withdrew my hand from his arm to remove it, and walked beside him unaided. The tide was coming in, and Turner's boats rode gayly in the moonlight.

"I don't understand how she got here," he mused, "an utterly unpractical woman, accustomed to being cared for like a child. It's marvelous! The steamer cleared her wharf sixteen hours before I arrived; but while they saddled the horse I went round to the office and made inquiries. No woman answering to the description of Silvia had been near the office—indeed, there had been no female passenger for Brinkley at all; only a couple of men connected with the fisheries. She must have hired a boat or a vehicle herself, and how she could have thought of things and made arrangements alone passes my comprehension."

"Alone!" I repeated; "isn't Madame Gavonsky with her?"

"No. Silvia gave her aunt the slip. That's the strange part of it. Madame Gavonsky came to my rooms yesterday before I was up and demanded information about the child. Silvia had disappeared the day before, and, she felt convinced, was making her way straight to the place where Champ was concealed. The woman looked anxious, but was as

audaciously imperious as ever. That fellow Burton was with her and showed infinitely more feeling: he was ill at ease and seemed literally frightened about Silvia. They'd spent the night in incantations, trying to find out for themselves; but the spirits acted scurvily and they could only get confused indications of a foreign-looking village by the sea. When they had wasted many precious hours in their foolery, they recovered sense enough to do the natural, rational thing of coming to me."

"And you?"

"Told them that the affair had passed out of *their* hands forever. That my wife's whereabouts and safety were my concern, and mine alone. That their infernal chicanery had been the curse of Silvia's life and of mine, and that, now she had voluntarily separated herself from them, tongue and arm should be palsied ere I said a word or made a sign to set them on her track. In future I intended to manage my family matters without unsolicited interference."

His look and tone were hard, with the pitiless hardness of a tender, patient nature pushed beyond its limits. In spite of the woman's presumable anxiety, I could not blame him.

In substance that which Mr. Morris had learned was this. After the disappearance of the child Madame Silva had shown great and increasing restlessness, and during the hours in which she had grown accustomed to seeing the little one would fall into states of expectancy, followed by what seemed almost a lethargy of disappointment. Her aunt had watched her narrowly, going with her to the places where she was in the habit of meeting Champ, but making neither suggestion nor comment. She had made no effort, occult or material, to aid her niece to discover the child, nor had she, according to her own account, felt or simulated interest in the matter. She hoped that the maternal instinct so strangely aroused would perish

from inanition, that isolation from the child would bring about the former indifference and apathy concerning her. She had quietly surrounded Silvia with all the influences formerly potent to guide her life, and, with Lieutenant Burton's assistance, had set about preparations for an immediate return to the East. Burton had purchased a steam-yacht, and proposed to make the voyage in her. He had offered passage to the women, which offer Madame Gavonsky had eagerly accepted: she wished to get Silvia away from New York as speedily as possible, and on ocean steamers there were always children to revive association.

As the days passed Silvia's restlessness had diminished, coming and going in waves, and then she had apparently relapsed into a quiescence closely resembling her condition previous to the awakening of natural instincts. The aunt had, short-sightedly, rejoiced, and been more careful than ever to avoid aught that might suggest the child. She had strengthened herself in her mad theory that Silvia's ebullition of sentiment had been but the final flicker of a vanishing materiality, and had relaxed her constant surveillance, and thrown herself eagerly into preparations for leaving America.

But calculations based on the probable workings of a mind in the abnormal condition of Madame Silva's are liable to overthrow. The event proved that at the very time when her apparent apathy had restored confidence to her aunt she had been busy with schemes to evade control and gratify her natural longings. Her affection for Madame Gavonsky and dependence on her had, apparently, changed into distrust as deep as it had been well concealed. With her mind and training, only one method of tracing the child—by clairvoyance—could suggest itself to Madame Silva. The power claimed for her, that of projecting herself into a state in which she could possess herself of the thoughts of people at a dis-

tance, appeared, from some cause, to have weakened, if it had not altogether left her, for she had employed the usual mediumistic means.

The Ayah, a subtle woman, and devoted to her mistress, was a medium of considerable power. At first the experiment had been unsuccessful, and the answers had been general and indefinite. Then Silvia had reversed the method, and prepared a list of questions which must be asked her and instructed the Ayah minutely. Then in her own trance, her weird power, perhaps, increased by intense yearning for the thing she sought, she had learned enough to guide her. When aroused, the pictures had disappeared like sympathetic writing suddenly colored, but the faithful Ayah had written down every word uttered by her mistress while entranced. That the directions had been lucid and practical the event had proven.

The Ayah had concealed her mistress's absence as long as possible. When it had been discovered she had been subjected to a rigid cross-examination by Madame Gavonsky, but had only given the facts already stated. Of the directions she professed to have no recollection whatever—strange names of strange places abode not with her. She had simply transcribed the words as Silvia had uttered them. Even when put under mesmeric influence she had given no assistance on this point; this Madame Gavonsky calmly declared had been due to Silvia's occult influence on the woman. They had worn the night away in fruitless efforts to coax the secret from the spirits, but they had nothing belonging to the child, nothing that she had touched or worn, to aid in the investigation. The Hindoo told them that during her trance the mother had held in her hands a Chinese slipper curiously embroidered, but they had been unable to find it. In the morning they had adopted mundane measures, which, however, had proved equally barren of results.

Mr. Morris had left New York without delay, knowing that the mother would veer to the child as the needle to the pole.

"What must we do?"

He answered my question by another.

"What *can* we do, but watch and wait? I am more troubled than I can tell you. This concealment of herself looks as though Silvia had changed—grown suspicious and distrustful. We must give her a chance to come to the child, apparently unwatched. 'Tis impossible to forecast the action of a diseased brain. We can only wait, and hold ourselves in readiness to take advantage of any move she may make."

A sob came up in my throat. "I feel as though we were about to trap a creature with its own young," I wailed, miserably.

"Can we help it? 'Tis her only hope, poor thing. She can't be let drift about the country alone: she has left her aunt's protection and she *must* be brought under mine. I must get hold of her and take her away somewhere with the child."

We turned toward the house, walking a little apart. As we entered the gate a quick shudder ran through my companion's frame and, by sympathy, communicated itself to me. I glanced around, but there was nothing in sight.

"What is it?" I breathed.

"Nothing—or rather, I'm worn-out and a trifle unnerved. I've been on a strain since yesterday morning, and worked last night instead of sleeping. There was a draught from somewhere, I suppose." He laughed suddenly. "The regulation answer would be that some one had stepped on my grave."

"There is another superstition in the South," I observed. "The negroes say that death in passing has left the gate ajar. It's more poetic than the other."

The subject was dropped, and we entered the house. I had my own thoughts

about the matter, but forbore to mention them.

In my own room the light burned low, with a soft radiance: it was sheltered and peaceful, like a still place in a forest when a storm is in the air. The little one had tossed the bed-clothes off and lay with her pink feet curled up and her hands folded together under her cheek. I leaned over the crib and smoothed back the bright curls and rearranged the bed-clothes; the sweetness of her slumber moved me and I bent my face down on hers.

Then came thought of that other woman—the mother—out in the night, alone in the silence; searching for her child by instinct, as a dumb creature would search, filled with half-understood yearning, benumbed with half-understood pain. Pity stirred, and rose and swept forward like a wave. My heart beat thick, with a dull sound, like a noise heard between sleeping and waking. My eyes ached, and then grew moist with sympathy, and the knowledge of how it must be with her. Obeying the impulse that was in me, I lifted the child in my arms and carried her to the window. There was a shawl of white wool lying in the chair, and I folded it around her, opened wide the casement, and called to the mother softly—"Come!" I whispered, "come! she is here—is yours—come to her! It is warm and sheltered here; none shall harm you—come! I will help you. Will bring you in and lay her on your breast—come!"

I waited, holding the child so that the moonlight should fall on her sleeping face, her clustering hair. There was no answer and I called again. The waves beat on the shore with a deep noise, as of wind in a pine forest; the still air let the sound pass inland: the tide was in. No other sound came, no breath, nor movement.

After many moments I drew back into the room and fastened the casement with trembling fingers.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON first lying down my nervous excitement prevented me from sleeping. I tossed and turned, thumped the pillows, counted backward, concentrated my thoughts on vacancy, and went through the customary routine of victims of insomnia. Under ordinary circumstances I should have let nature work the matter out in her own way and at her leisure; but knowing that I would have need of all my strength and that to insure it rest would be necessary, I reached over to the little table on which the night-light burned and gave myself a dose of chloral. The drug composed me, and after the turn of the night I slept heavily for some hours. Toward morning I was aroused by a sense of chill, as though a strong draught were blowing on the bed. I shivered and drew the bed-clothes closer; then my faculties cleared and the thought of Champ presented itself, causing me to turn and reach out in the darkness to feel if she were covered. The night-light was out and the chill of the room surprised me, even in my drowsy condition. My hand touched the rail of the crib and groped for the bed-clothes. As I expected, they were in a heap toward the foot of the crib. I drew them upward, still half-asleep myself. My hand swept the bed, the pillow—a panic seized me, arousing every faculty to tension. I threw myself forward and searched swiftly, with both hands—the crib was empty! With a single movement I was on the floor, had struck a match and rekindled the lamp. Then I looked again—searched the crib, throwing the bed-clothes on the floor, glanced at my own bed, *knowing* all the time what had happened, yet fighting against it. My glance wandered around the room. It looked as usual; the child's little garments lay on a chair, her shoes and stockings on the floor; the casement moved, swayed by the wind—in the draught it caused the flame of the lamp

flickered and waned; the sashes were unfastened, although I distinctly remembered turning the key in the lock the night before. The heavy white shawl was gone from the chair. I pulled open the window and leaned out.

It was the half-hour before dawn; the moon had set and the morning was as black as a widow's weeds; the wind, cold and damp, seemed to blow from everywhere—what sailors call a "chopping wind;" the sound of the sea was low and monotonous; it was about the turn of the tide.

Too terrified to leave room for aught save intuition and action, I fled along the passage and up the stairway, making less noise than the wind, on my slipperless feet. Even in the darkness instinct guided me to the right door; it was unlocked, and I dashed it open and felt my way into the room, holding out my hands and groping. I had been in it once before and knew something of the position of the furniture, so that I found the bed with little trouble, and caught Mr. Morris by his arm, his shoulder, and shook him with all my strength—speechless, voiceless, intent only on awaking him. With a quick turn my wrists were pinioned, and, in the darkness, I could feel the deeper density of solid substance as the man rose from his pillow. His voice was collected and cool, but his grasp was of iron.

"Who is it? And what's the matter?"

"The child!" I gasped, breathlessly. "I can't find her. She's been taken. I want you to help me."

My hands were loosed, and Mr. Morris sprang on to the floor, brushing me aside with his arm.

"Go into the passage" he commanded. "I must strike a light. I'll join you in a moment."

In less time than he had specified he was with me again. He carried a lamp, and was coatless and shoeless. The light revealed my white night-dress and flowing

hair and slipperless feet. He lowered it instantly and turned to the stairway.

"When did you miss her?" he questioned. "Tell me as we go down."

"Just now. I came to you almost on the instant. I was asleep and some one entered the room through the window. 'Twas the draught from the open sash that wakened me, and I felt to see if Champ was covered and found that she wasn't in her crib. How the window could have been opened I don't know. I had fastened it."

"Are you sure?"

"Perfectly positive."

Then I told him of having opened the sash and called to Madame Silva.

In the hall we separated. Mr. Morris would come around to the window on the outside. In my room I slipped on a dressing-gown and thrust my feet into slippers. The light flashed around the corner of the house; the wind was blowing, and Mr. Morris shielded the flame with his hand, making a band of shadow across the circle of light, like the bands of the planet Jupiter; the dog had joined him and walked a little in advance, sedately curious; the two figures came out with Rembrandt effect against the background of the darkness.

Mr. Morris examined the bench and the ground around it, but could discover no trace; moving incautiously, a puff of wind extinguished the lamp, and he handed it in to me to be rekindled. While I did so he examined the sashes, drawing them together. "Look here," he said, and I put the light down and bent forward. The bolt was still out, showing that my memory had been accurate, and also that the window had not been unlocked. The socket in which the bolt shot had not been tampered with either. The thing seemed strange at first.

"Can it be true?" I wondered. "Have these people, as they claim, power to open doors without human agency?"

Mr. Morris laughed derisively and shut

to the sashes with care; by getting the proper angle the short bolt could be made to go into the socket without turning the key. Then he pushed slowly and steadily from the outside, and the same result followed; neither sash had been bolted to the window-frame and the tongue of the old lock was not long enough to prevent the opening sashes from withdrawing it from the socket.

"We must wait for daybreak," Mr. Morris said. "Put something around you. You'll catch your death. I am not frightened for the child. Her mother has her."

The anxiety of his tone contradicted his words. For myself, I was more than frightened, not knowing what turn the woman's mind might take when the little one should awaken and refuse to be comforted in her loneliness and terror. That thought was uppermost—the baby's misery when she should wake in the hands of strangers.

The tide was rising; the wind had changed and blew in from the ocean; it brought another sound besides that of the tumbling waves, a soft, thumping sound, as of the prow of a boat striking against a post. I had heard it often, and knew it to be old Turner's boats swinging with the motion of the water. The darkness was less intense—lifting, as when a far light casts forward a pale reflection. In the east, star-eyed night bound up her dusky hair and drew together her garments.

The strangeness of the hour, the sound of the sea, the soft thumping of the boat, the coming dawn, the old stone bench beneath the window, interplayed in my excited brain and brought back the stories of the previous evening. The tides, the danger, the drifting boat, the missing girl, the weary search with its mournful ending, swept back on me like a keen wind and filled every crevice of my mind with chill conviction. With an inarticulate cry I threw myself on to the window-sill and held out my hands. "Help

me!" I panted. "Now—we must look—there is no time to wait for daylight! The boats! God above! the boats!"

Catching my thought in an electric flash, Mr. Morris swung me to the ground, and turned toward the beach. He was a strong man and a swift runner, but excitement lent me power and I kept pace with him. My long hair whipped across my face as I ran, and I caught it in my hands and held it. The certainty of what had happened was as positive as though I had seen it—nay, I *did* see it—plainly, vividly, painted on my brain by my strained imagination. Down the very path we were treading had come that other woman, the child in her arms, held close to her breast for the first time. There had been moonlight then, clear and pure; a tender radiance had played on the waves and made a silver pathway through the night; the sound of the sea had wooed her, singing a lullaby; the boats, half aground, had seemed to invite her, to offer escape, easy and sure. She had come hither in a boat; the connection of ideas would be swift. She would row across the bay and wait for a passing vessel: she could row; in her girlhood, in Virginia, she had learned to handle a boat on the river near her home. What could she know of tides, or of the danger of ocean currents? The very oars would be there, as was Turner's careless habit. What more easy than to lay the sleeping child in the smaller boat, to unfasten and push it off; then, helped by the ebbing tide, what more easy than to row and drift, out, out across the bay, beyond the headlands, and into the stronger water of the estuary?

Turner's words beat in my brain like the half-remembered measure of a refrain: "If a boat gits caught in them est'ary currents on the ebb, she'll nose blue water afore she finds her berth ag'in." I moaned as I ran.

At the sound, Mr. Morris threw out his hand and caught my arm, bringing

us both to a dead halt. I could hear the labor of his heart, and feel his quick breath on my face as he bent in the semi-darkness, seeking to discover the cause of my pain.

"You suffer! You are hurt! Show me at once. I've been a brute to you! I'm letting you *kill* yourself for me. Do you think I'm a fool and blind? That I don't see—don't understand and feel—that my heart isn't straining like an animal in leash? God! what is it worth? any of it—all of it—in comparison with *your* pain?" The wild words broke from him unconsciously.

"Hush," I whispered, "for the child's sake—I suffer for the *child*."

His hand on my arm trembled and his breath came in sobs; for an instant I could feel the whole man shiver and strain, as a ship strains when the battle with wind and waves grows heavy. He left me and moved onward to the water's edge. The dawn was at hand, and in the twilight of its approach we could see that the smaller of the two boats was missing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH the dawn of day Mr. Morris aroused the village and secured men and boats to prosecute the search. Inquiries established the fact that Madame Silva had been seen by others besides old Turner; but she had spoken to no one, nor had she entered a house in the village. A boy had seen her land from a fishing smack, which had entered the bay, apparently for the purpose of putting her ashore, and then had gone on its way to the fishing grounds. And later she had been noticed walking in the direction of Turner's house, and it had been decided that she must be a guest or friend of mine. No conveyance had been hired in the village, where, indeed, the accommodations in that line were scanty, and nothing was missing save Turner's boat. The presumption was that she had gone away in that. With me,

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from the first, the matter had not admitted of doubt.

When, after what to my suspense appeared hours of delay, but was in reality only moments of necessary preparation, the boats left the shore, I went with them. Not for worlds would I have remained supine and inactive while the search went on! The thought of the child, alone with what might be a mad woman, weighed on me like a nightmare; the thought of the poor creature herself, irresponsible, inconsequent, drifting, drifting on the pitiless deep, without food or water, or shelter from sun or storm, was like the grasp of a hand on my throat. The feeling that if evil should come I would be in some sort responsible would not let me rest.

"Let me go," I pleaded, when Mr. Morris would have dissuaded me; "let me go! If you leave me to wait and watch alone my heart will break!"

He yielded at once, feeling that action, even exposure and hardship if they should come, would lighten suspense for me.

Outside the bar the boats separated, following some preconceived plan. We, Mr. Morris and I, with old Turner and another man, were in a stout fishing boat and steered straight for the open sea. The men consulted together, but I did not listen; some instinct told me that, as near as might be, we would follow the track of that other boat—the one that had been brought home empty. It was a still day, clear and cloudless; the sun shone and the water sparkled under it. No words were spoken save those absolutely required. Mr. Morris sat motionless, save for the long sweep of the glass as he scanned the waters. Once he folded a cloak around me, and again brought me food. I leaned forward and bent my ear to the breeze, listening, longing for the sound of a child's wailing.

All day and into the night we searched, and still no sight nor sound rewarded our efforts. My glance sought Mr. Morris

from time to time, but dared not linger; his face was drawn and rigid, the eyes filled with a dumb pain and endurance. In his mind I knew that suspense painted horrible pictures, then blurred them and repainted others yet more horrible. I tried to pray for him and for the child; to ask God to be merciful, to end this torture for us all; but words would not come. God seemed so far, so inaccessible, and the emergency so near and present. Thought seemed benumbed, expression lost; life and soul and being was one voiceless cry, one inarticulate yearning.

Slowly the hours passed, empty, in spite of being filled with toil and effort. Evening fell, night came on, stealing over the ocean like a gray mist; the moon rose, moved upward, onward on her pilgrimage, and slowly sank to rest. It grew dark, with only the glimmer of the stars and the sheen of the water, and cold, with the chill of approaching dawn.

The men rested on their oars, waiting for more light; the air was still, not motionless, but barely astir with faint pulsations. My head was bowed on my folded hands, and my very soul strained itself to listen. Presently it came, that for which I waited, for which my spirit seemed to have aroused itself, to be held by love in a receptive attitude. Soft, vibrant as the soul of music ere it embodies itself in actual sound, it came, moving like low waves stirred by the breath of the wind, pulsing like the beating of a heart in slumber. Love lifted nature to higher effort; I knelt forward, my breast on the edge of the boat, my face near the surface of the water.

"What is it?" breathed Mr. Morris. "Do you hear anything?"

The men turned and gazed at me curiously. Again it came—musical notes, whispering along the water, faint, far-off, like spirit music, but distinct enough for my ear to recognize and hold—it was the voice of a woman singing. Tears came, and I raised my head and held out my

hands to the man beside me, whispering, "Thank God! thank God!"

The men bent to their oars, guided by my directions, and dipped them noiselessly. At first no ear save mine was fine enough to detect the music, then Mr. Morris bent his head, and from the expression of his face I could see that he too had heard it. As day broke, the breeze freshened and brought it more distinctly. The men pulled with long, vigorous strokes, all their fatigue forgotten; the boat sped over the waves, as a horse speeds when the goal is in sight. In the east the sky reddened, as a woman under the gaze of one who loves her; the sun rose, and stretched out rays like arms and lifted the mist from the bosom of the water. Mr. Morris swept the horizon with his glass and gave a quick order. I caught it from his hand, and away to the east could see a dark object afloat on the breast of a low wave.

The music had ceased, but now it came again, rising and falling with a strange cadence. We followed it, as hunters track the nest by the sound of the mother-bird's calling.

As the boats neared we could see that Madame Silva crouched in the bottom with her back against the rowers' bench. The child, wrapped in my heavy shawl, lay in her lap, and she sheltered it with her body. The boat was drifting, the oars, apparently, had been washed from the row-locks. The woman swayed gently, but whether to soothe the child, or from coming exhaustion we could not tell. There was no sound but her singing, and the parting of the waves as we dashed through them. My heart grew sick with foreboding—was the child asleep, or had worse befallen?

At the last we slipped through the water softly, trying not to startle her, not to make her aware of our presence until we should be alongside. But some instinct seemed to warn her, for, when we were still a couple of boat lengths off, she

lifted her head and turned, as a deer turns when she scents the wind.

"For God's sake, hurry!" Mr. Morris called, in a hushed tone, and involuntarily stripped off his coat. The waves hissed as the boat cut them.

Madame Silva rose to her feet, the child clasped to her breast. Her face was like marble, and her eyes burned with a weird light; her unbound hair fell to her knees like a heavy veil. My heart labored with terror and excitement. What would she do? The boats neared; in an instant they would be together—Mr. Morris gathered himself for the spring. The boats touched and he leaped forward, half a second too late. Madame Silva, with her head turned so that her eyes were on him, uttered a stifled cry and threw herself forward into the sea.

Then for many moments all was confusion and a blurred mist, through which men's voices broke, giving orders and directions in loud tones. I was conscious of a man in the water beside the boat, holding up a woman on his shoulder, and of the exertions of the two fishermen as they lifted her in. Then some one put Champ into my arms and appealed to me for help, and my nature aroused itself to meet the demands upon it.

CHAPTER XIX.

POOR Mrs. Morris (for from the time of her home-bringing the other name ceased to be used among us), fell into a brain fever which lasted through many weeks. We nursed her, Mr. Morris and I, through the weary nights and days, and I was glad of the fictitious relationship which enabled me to aid him without exciting comment. After the crisis had passed, he would come and go between Brinkley and New York, attending to his duties in both places.

Madame Gavonsky wished to come to her niece at once. She urged it, playing on the feelings in Mr. Morris which she

had sought to destroy in Silvia. But without result. He would write to her, would keep her notified of every change, Mr. Morris told her, in recognition of the relationship between them and of her alleged affection for his wife; but their lives had sundered, and must so remain forever. And after many futile attempts to break down his resolution Madame Gavonsky was forced to yield to the inevitable. She remained in New York until her niece had been pronounced out of danger, and then sailed for the East with Lieutenant Burton.

With my care of her a strange sort of love developed in my heart for Madame Silva—not rational love, nor even the love we give to children or dumb creatures, for with them there is certainty of response, while with her it was a constant giving, hoping for nothing again. She was gentle, calm, quiet, but, to me, utterly unresponsive; never by word nor sign did she cling to me, or evince the faintest affection or regard. The workings of her nature, its struggles, impulses, yearnings, if any existed, were as inscrutable to me after weeks of the most familiar intercourse as they had been when our acquaintance was only an hour old. Why it should be so I knew not, but never once did I touch her inner nature or come into the presence of the real woman. And yet she fascinated me, appealed to me, aroused, in some mysterious, powerful way, the larger forces of my nature—my interest, my compassion, my yearning sympathy. Sometimes, too, the old horror, the old aversion, would return, and I would feel that if I should remain in the room with her the human part of my nature would petrify. Then I would leave her, and get out into the air, into the sunshine, into the breathing, teeming, living world.

That a change was going on within her I vaguely comprehended, although, from me, the process was hidden. That she *could* love—in her own strange way—her conduct with the child proved; unrespon-

sive to all else, to Champ she was human. When she would look at the child, or touch, or speak to her, the abstracted look on her face would break up and soften; her lips would smile and her eyes change and brighten, as a dark pool touched by sunlight. When the child was out of her sight she would grow restless and ill at ease, would fret and moan like a creature penned into a dark place, and her hands would begin that painful, serpentine movement, writhing and twisting themselves together.

During her convalescence I had Champ's crib placed beside her bed, and taught the little one to say "mother," and left them together as much as might be; and Champ, with a child's adaptability, became reconciled to the change and adopted her mother unquestioningly.

With her husband I could see no advance, but of that I could judge less clearly, for as time went on I withdrew myself, compelled by pride, by womanhood, to stand aloof. As the pressing need for me passed, my longing to go away, to separate my life from these other lives that were absorbing it, grew more intense and insistent. I dared not remain—more, I would not.

Mrs. Morris did not strengthen as she should, and it seemed to me important that she should have better advice. I determined to speak to Mr. Morris.

One evening I had Mrs. Morris's couch moved out on the beach, so that the fresh sea-breeze could reach her. The day had been sultry—a long June day, and the coolness of evening was grateful. The shadows were falling, and the low sun gave to the clouds a lining of rose-color.

Mr. Morris had gone in for a shawl to throw over his wife, and Champ, with her usual energy, was digging like a little mole in the sand close by. Her mother's eyes rested on her with a soft shining; her hands were still, folded lightly together.

"She is like her father," she said, suddenly.

The words surprised me; it was the first time I had ever heard her mention her husband.

Mr. Morris joined us. He smoothed his wife's pillow and arranged the shawl over her, speaking gently, as one speaks to a child. Champ had stuck a rosebud in his coat, and as he stooped it fell from his button-hole and lay near his wife's hand. She took it between her fingers.

Later I spoke to him.

"You must take her away," I said. "Her strength comes so slowly. Take her to New York and let the physicians see her, and then go away. Give up your work and keep her with you—with you and the child—alone."

"And you?"

His voice shook, and he turned a little from me.

Pride aided me and my voice was steady.

"I am going home," I answered, "home to the South. The people are there among whom I grew up; the woman who nursed me will take care of me. Myra Yorke will come. She will be married in the winter, but she will come home with me now. Don't trouble, please. I shall not be alone."

There was nothing for him but acquiescence; there was nothing for us both but to take up our lives and live them with such courage as we possessed.

[THE END.]

ELIZABETH JONES, SPINSTER.

"LITTLE girl."

"Yes!"

"To-morrow my vacation ends."

The young girl completes the sentence, "And you go away. I shall miss you."

For a moment they stand silent in the shadow of the beach trees, while the warm sun pours down upon the dusty road beyond, and the sound of mowing comes from a distant field. Only a step between them and the road, whence lies their way, yet neither takes it. They stand there, while the life of the fields whirrs its steady song into the air.

The girl's eyes rest upon the blue depths of the woodland, which darkens the far horizon, but the man's eyes rest upon the girl, in her calico dress and pink ribbons. He kicks impatiently a bit of moss that lies near him, and switches a leaf from an overhanging bough. Still the girl's eyes rest upon the glooming hemlocks, gravely, steadfastly, only in her cheeks there creeps a soft, warm color.

Perhaps it is this bit of color that moves the man to further speech, perhaps it is only the pink ribbons.

"Beth," he says, and leans closer, and takes the little brown hands in his, "Beth, I love you—you must know it—you must have seen it—won't you be my wife?"

But neither the hands nor eyes give answer. The voice of the mower drowns as he calls to his cattle, for the sun will set presently and the day's work will be done. The shadows from the maples shift, and are less sharp against the road.

"Beth, dear," urges the man, "won't you love me—won't you be my wife?"

"I can't, John," she answers, simply, and the brown hands are drawn away from the detaining grasp.

"Can't what—be my wife, or love me?"

There is sharp pain and surprise in the tone.

"I can't be your wife."

The answer comes slowly, but into the man's eyes there leaps a glad relief.

"Nonsense, dear," he says, gently, "you can and will be my wife—if—if you love me."

But still the girl's gray eyes take in the gathering shadows, still her hands fall listless by her side. When she speaks, a faint tremor ruffles her voice, but eyes and lips give no other sign.

"I am afraid—I know—it can never be. After you have been away a little—back among your own friends—you will understand. You will wonder how you ever wanted it to be—and then you will thank me."

"But I love you," breaks out the man, as the fair, sweet face turns toward him for an instant.

"You think you do—yes."

As she says it, the girl's hands close tightly. It is so hard to say these things, yet all the truth of her heart tells her they must be spoken.

"I am only a part of the summer." She longs to soften the words but will not. "With the fields and trees about me I please you, but that is all. And in your city home it would be so different. Then

you would see me just as I am, stiff and out of keeping with its grandeur."

"You do not love me or you would not talk like this!"

The gray eyes rest for one long, deep moment on the flushed boyish face. She has no phrases to measure her love out in, this sweet, pure thing of the country. She can only say what is in her heart.

"I do love you, John," are the words, and they fall on the warm air like words of a benediction. They almost abash the eager heart at her side. But John Graham is young, and he thinks he loves this girl, and he has always had his own way.

"If you loved me," he makes answer, rebelling against a pain he cannot understand, "you would trust me, you would be my wife."

"I do love you, and trust you, but I will not promise to be your wife. Deeper than my love for you is the feeling that our ways are not alike, that God never meant them to be."

The August sounds go throbbing and pulsing. The birds fly back and forth in happy groups, but in two hearts there is misery.

All through the golden days they have been drifting toward this, he a happy-hearted boy just free from college, she a fair, sweet girl of the country. Now that it has come, they neither of them wonder at it, but the pain in each heart is very different.

"You don't understand," and for a little space the boy rises above himself and is a man. "I will show you. I will go away and prove it; but you will let me write? I must have something, it will be so hard. You will let me write, and will answer my letters?"

"As long as you want me to, yes."

He hates to go away with only this. He is so sure the little figure by his side is dearer to him than any other can be. He is so sure life means Elizabeth and no one else. In the heat of his impatience and pain, he is almost savage that his love

can be doubted. He leans toward Elizabeth in the vague, sweet stillness.

"You have never—you have never kissed me, dear. Will you now, as I am going away?"

"Yes," she answers, "as you are going away."

And then they stepped out from beneath the maples, and their footsteps echoed across the bridge, along the sweet clover-lined road, through the meadow, where the path was narrow and the stubble hard, in at the bars and so to the gate, where their ways separated. Here they said good-bye with only a hand clasp. Something held the man back from the sweet lips, and the girls thoughts only the pitiful angels knew.

And the days went on.

Berries grew plump upon their stems, the golden-rod stood in its hardy beauty, the grain ripened, and the grass was all mown. Bright letters came often. They told of plans, of hopes, of present enjoyment, of tender summer memories. They were happy and warm, and to Elizabeth they were like sunshine to flowers.

But the days went on, and the fields were bare. The trees had lost their autumn glory and the cows came early to the bars. The letters came less often, and some of their sunshine had gone from them. They spoke of business, of many occupations, of little time for writing, but they still began, "Dear Beth."

And Elizabeth went her way, through her round of small home duties. There was butter to be churned, and milk to be taken care of, and weekly sweepings to come in their order. This was life. The feeble, fretting grandmother noticed a tenderer touch from the light hands, and the busy mother marveled at such steadiness in one so young.

"I used to be flighty as a butterfly when I was your age," she said, once, with an undefined sense of anxiety. But Elizabeth only smiled, and good Mrs. Jones had to be satisfied with that.

"Elizabeth wa'n't given to words," she reflected, and fell to wondering when Mahaly Perkins got her last new "bunnet."

Winter drifted in upon the quiet family and shut out the hum from distant cities. It seemed also to shut out some of the letters, so few came. If it had not been for the work—but Elizabeth never put it that way: She only thought how glad she was that there was always mending to be done, always cleaning, always the demands of the "men folks" to answer. The fair and idle of the world must be very miserable at times.

And when her eyes were drooping a little, as if they had been strained, it was spring again, and the wild flowers were pushing their way up from beneath the snowdrifts. The flushing of the year had come and the front yard needed cleaning. Elizabeth hushed her startled pulses. Heartbeats were only for the rare, rare letters. Their fragrance was dying, their hope was melting, even as the drifts. She had known it would be so, all her woman's heart had told her this would be the end. Only a little longer—but still the swift color came at the familiar writing, still with blinded eyes she read the hasty words—the words that spoke so plainly of forgetting. She wondered why she answered these, why she bore the lingering pain, and then shrank with hidden face. Her heart hungered for these pittances even while her pride blushed.

Gently, as the sun came up from the eastern hills, summer came in, sweet with the perfume of flowers, rich with the song of birds, full with the fleeting life of June. Something pale and wan, Elizabeth followed the cows with their jangling bells. At the pasture bars she sometimes paused and dreamed of a boyish face, of gentle words, of unspoken thoughts that had looked from boyish eyes, of a beautiful summer.

Thus it died—the romance, the bit of poetry in a life of prose, the wonderful

fragrance that had found her and wrapped her in its folds. Slowly the heart went out of it, and when the last hard letter came that began at once, "Elizabeth," she read it quietly as one reads of a death that is infinitely sad, infinitely heart-breaking, but infinitely far away. She went to the bridge, where she had stood only a year ago, and something hushed and soothed her. Her eyes sought again the woodland shadows, but in their mysterious depths there was no desolation, only peace.

Then she read the letter again slowly. Her words had been true, it said. God knew he had thought his love for her the greatest he could feel, but that which filled his heart now was greater. She in her own brave purity did not need him, he was sure. He had been young and headlong or he would have seen. Could she forgive him the injury he had done her all these months? He had been cowardly or he would have told her sooner—could she forgive him?

She conjured up the face with its look of youth upon it, and gazed once more into the troubled eyes.

"I forgave him then," she thought, softly, "and kissed him good-bye. He thought it was only for a little while, but I knew it was forever."

Sweet Elizabeth, touched with love and renunciation!

There on the bridge she rested till the golden banks in the west had changed to gray and the stars came faintly through. Then in the warm darkness she took up her life again and no one knew. No one knew why so fair a girl and sweet, should go unwedded. No one knew why the sun-browned farmer boys held her in deeper reverence after she had refused their love than before—no one knew.

But all knew, as the years went by, that darkened homes brightened under her coming, harsh lines took on softer curves, and wayward girlhood loved her with an unmeasured devotion.

"God knew," said the sweet spinster Elizabeth when gray was creeping into her hair and loving wrinkles were gathering around her eyes. "God knew, and He never meant me for city ways—only for the dear old hills and valleys of the country—just for the motherless babies in

unfashionable baby dress, the aching hearts that wear calico and use bad grammar. Just for these—not the others."

The dear old minister who had known Elizabeth from her childhood called it "abounding grace," and perhaps it was. "God knew," and that was enough.

H. G. DURYEE.

JOHNNY.

"A PRETTY specimen she, to be lugging about a thing like that. What fools parents are to allow their daughters to marry at such an age," mused Ned Gilber, as he glanced disapprovingly at the occupants of the seat in front of him.

The "specimen" referred to was a very pretty young lady of about nineteen, though younger in appearance, and that which he had so contemptuously designated a "thing" was a chubby eight months old baby, curled up on the end of the seat fast asleep, the very embodiment of a well-fed Cupid.

Our cynic was still moralizing on the folly of such young creatures assuming the responsibilities of motherhood when the train drew up at a station and the young woman hurriedly left the car, leaving the sleeping infant in the seat behind her; but she had scarcely turned her back on him when he opened his eyes, wriggled to a sitting posture, then climbed up by the back of the seat and shook his dimpled fist in the direction of Ned's nose, as if in menace for that gentleman's unflattering opinion.

"Are you his pap?" queried an old lady in steel spectacles from the opposite side of the car.

"Not much," answered Ned, flushing redly.

"Jest as I suspicioned then," went on the old lady. "Another case of desertion. It do beat all, the pass young creeturs comes to nowadays; an' that one was so purty an' lady-like lookin', too! Poor little kid! He seems to have took a powerful notion to you, mister."

Whether he saw anything in our hero to inspire special confidence, or whether he would have made like friendly demonstrations toward any one else in his place may not be known, but he was stretching out both tiny hands as if in mute appeal to be taken up. All Ned's indignation rose in arms against the heartless cruelty that could so abandon a helpless offspring.

"Poor little innocent! Has your mother left you to escape her shame and responsibility? We may overtake her in her little game," saying which he caught up the child and rushed off the car with it. Accosting the first person he saw, who chanced to be an old farmer in from the country, he thrust the child into his arms, exclaiming hurriedly: "This child was abandoned by its mother a few minutes ago on the car. For the love of humanity, try to find her and compel her to

take charge of it again. She cannot have gone far. A young woman, medium size, in gray dress and straw turban. I'd stay to see the thing done myself, but the train will be moving in a minute, and I don't want to lose my fare." Just then the whistle sounded its toot, toot, the bell began ringing, and Ned sprang on board again before the old farmer, dumfounded with surprise, had been able to answer a word.

Left alone with the baby so unceremoniously thrust upon him, he turned and walked into the depot, two or three others, who had witnessed the scene from a short distance, following him.

"It must be a most unnat'ral mother that could desert a purty little thing like this," said he, stroking the curly head, and the five or six gentlemen who had gathered about him echoed the sentiment.

"A young woman in a gray dress and straw turban, eh!"

"If one was to walk the streets I wonder how many young ladies he'd meet in the course of an hour in gray dresses and straw turbans? A lively description that, with which to set out to seek a stranger, I say. It's my opinion there's two of them, and you've got a job on hand."

"I don't think that the young woman stopped in this town, either, and you'd better not waste time looking for her," said one.

"Do you mean to imply, sir, that that young man was this youngster's pap, and both parents are playin' off on the little chap?"

"Pap or uncle or cousin or what not, it's my opinion he wanted to get rid of that kid, and no doubt is laughing in his sleeve at this minute as he pictures you hunting for that young woman in the gray dress and straw turban."

"Well, they couldn't 'a' shoved the little chap off on better hands. I'll jest take him home to Hanner. She'll be nigh about pleased out of her eyes; for sence Jim's got to be sech a great strappin' fel-

low ther aint no little ones to our house. I'll jest go and get the little toad a bottle of milk, an' then I'll set off home. I'm powerful glad I come in the top buggy. It will be so much nicer for the little chap goin' home through this hot sunshine."

While this was taking place quite a different scene was being enacted on the train.

Just as the cars were beginning to vibrate with the motion of starting, a slender, gray-draped figure hurried across the corner of the platform and on to the car. She stopped a moment just inside the door to adjust something about her dress, and when she reached her seat the train was under full speed.

Ned, who recognized her as she drew near, regarded her with looks aghast. If he could have called on rocks and mountains to fall and cover him he would gladly have done so.

When the young lady noticed the absence of the child from where she had left it sleeping she glanced inquiringly about, as if expecting, naturally, to see it in the arms of some one near, but when her glance had traversed the length and breadth of the car without encountering the object of its search she became anxious and agitated.

"Johnny!" she gasped, "where is he? Who has taken him? Tell me quickly, some one, what has become of him; the precious, precious darling!"

"Mebby he can tell you," said the old lady in the steel spectacles, jerking her head and her thumb simultaneously in poor Ned's direction.

"You, sir, oh! do you know where the darling is? Bring him to me, please, I was so frightened about him."

Poor Ned sat like one brought to judgment.

"I—I handed him to the old man at the depot," gasped he, as well as his perturbation would permit him to speak.

"To the man at the depot? What do you

mean, sir; are you trying to make me the butt of some practical joke?" and a gleam of anger shot into the pretty brown eyes.

"No; it aint no joke," interposed the voice behind the spectacles.

"No; would to Heaven it were!" said Ned, fervently.

"No joke! then what have you done with dear, dear, darling little Johnny?"

"I—I thought you were trying to desert him, and as I could not well stop to look after you myself I handed him to a kind-faced old man standing on the platform at the depot, and told him to find you and compel you to take him back."

"O you meddling wretch! you have given away our precious, blessed baby. I'll have you arrested for child-stealing if you do not restore him this minute. What shall I do, what shall any of us do without our darling? To think of his being thrust upon strangers, who may be ever so cru-u-el to him when any of us would rather die than see him suffer! It will kill poor Sue, I know it will!" and she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"I would gladly have died myself, rather than perpetuate such an unpardonable blunder," said Ned, in an agony of self-reproach.

By this time the attention of every person in the car had been attracted to the scene, and all united in heaping reproach on poor Ned. The young lady managed at length, between sobs, to explain that she had only stepped off the car to get Johnny's bottle filled with milk at a little eating-house near the depot, and further that he was sister Sue's baby, not hers, and that she was on her way home to Smithton from a visit to Sue's and taking him with her, having begged that privilege of Sue, who, wishing to stop a day at Bremen with her old schoolmate, Lilian Dorsey, would follow on the next train, twelve hours later.

By the time she had finished this explanation she had grown sufficiently calm

to consider some plan for regaining possession of the precious Johnny.

"If you will permit me, Miss—"

"Miss Leonore Thomson," suggested she.

"If you will permit me then, Miss Thomson, to do what I can to make amends, I will stop with you at the next depot, hire a conveyance, and drive back to the scene of my unfortunate contretemps, where we shall doubtless have little trouble in finding your precious charge; then we can await the arrival of the next train, on which you expect your sister, and we can all proceed to Smithton, that being my destination as well as your own. If you will be so kind as to accept my proposal, I am Edward Gilber, at your service," said Ned, brightening, but deeply penitent.

"Edward Gilber, of Kansas?" asked Leonore.

"The same."

"And you are going to Smithton to read law with your father's old friend, James Parsons?" continued Leonore, a smile breaking through her tears.

"Yes," assented he, wondering how she came to know so much of him.

"I shall be avenged on you for the trouble you have caused," said she, laughing outright this time. "James Parsons, who lives next door to papa, is mamma's own brother, and if Cousin Nell and those boys of his get hold of this affair you will never hear the last of it, for worse teases never lived."

"I shall willingly endure anything, if I may only receive as a reward for my punishment full pardon for my offense."

"Your pardon will depend more on your success in undoing the mischief you have done. Dear baby! I wonder where he is and what he is doing now," and her smile gave place again to a look of anxiety.

"I have no fears of restoring him in safety," answered Ned, gathering up his belongings preparatory to leaving the train, as just then the whistle sounded for the next station.

The old lady in the steel spectacles eyed their departure with looks that spoke volumes of disapproval.

"A pretty pass young folks is come to in this day and age," muttered she. "When I was a young gal I wouldn't 'a' stopped in a strange place with a young man I'd never seed before for all the babies in Christendom; but la, la!" after which exclamation she sank into a gentle snooze, and was soon nodding time to the swaying motion of the cars, having dismissed the subject as a most reprehensible affair, but wholly in keeping with the degeneracy of the times.

It was but a few moments' work for Ned to secure a conveyance, and soon he and Leonore were speeding over the six miles that lay between them and the place where he had so summarily disposed of the infant Johnny; but on arriving there what was their consternation to learn that the old man who had taken charge of him had started an hour before for his home, ten miles distant, in the country; and another precious hour was spent in finding some one who knew where the old man lived to act as guide to the place. It was nearly three o'clock when they reached their destination. Assured by their guide that they had reached the right place, they approached the open doorway, and there, in the midst of the clean, bare floor, seated on an immense braided rug, sat Johnny, making a hideous din with an old tin pail and a large iron spoon which had been furnished for his amusement, and near him sat an elderly lady engaged in sewing on a piece of dark calico that bore a strong resemblance to a baby's old fashioned pinafore; but so metamorphosed was the darling that Leonore was about to disown him and turn to seek elsewhere for her lost. His feet were bare, which fact seemed much to his liking, and in the place of his pretty white dress with its dainty trimmings was a loose, ill-fitting slip of faded calico, while his flossy curls, wont to stray at will over his head, had

been formed into a little, close roll from ear to ear about his neck, while those on top his head, curled in like manner, stood up in a little round ridge parallel with the bridge of his nose. But with all his changed appearance, closer inspection established his identity, and without waiting for the ceremony of introducing herself, Leonore swooped down on him, caught him up, and sank into a chair, covering his face with kisses. Explanations followed, and the old lady reluctantly relinquished claim to her new newly found treasure.

"I s'pose you'll want to put these onto him again," said she, bringing forth the clothes of which she had divested him.

"You see," said she, "I wanted to keep these pretties for his Sunday betters, an' so I jest sat down and galloped him up a slip out of the best breadths of an old frock of mine, jest to do till I could get something else."

"Yes, you are our own, own Johnny," said Leonore, kissing him again, as she unbuttoned the calico slip—"our very own; but you do look too funny," and taking his head between her hands, she restored the curls to something like their usual careless beauty.

"There now, you've spoiled his pretty head," cried the old lady, in dismay.

"You looked just like a little man, so you did, and now it's all undone," continued she, stooping and kissing the white neck and dimpled shoulder.

Something in her face touched Leonore with pity for her disappointment, and she hastened to apologize.

"I am sorry I disarranged the pretty curls," said she, but he looked so different from what I am used to seeing him that I did it without thinking. He really did look very pretty, and sometimes I will arrange his hair that way in remembrance of all your kindness to him."

The old lady filled Johnny's bottle with fresh milk, and kissed him once more at starting, the old man, too, had to give him a hug and a kiss, and said he was powerful

sorry to give him up on his own as well as Hanner's account, and Leonore promised to send them a picture of the little fellow, a promise which she kept, much to their gratification.

Our young folks had still three hours before them in which to reach the station in time for their train, so they returned at a less rapid pace than they had come, chatting pleasantly by the way, for now that they were free from suspense on Johnny's account they had time to take more note of each other, and found that on most topics of interest they agreed in sentiment.

Ned was giving a loose rein to his team and an animated expression of his love of nature when one of the wheels struck a stump at the roadside and the tongue of their carriage snapped in twain. There chanced to be a country smithy near, where, after some waiting, the damage was repaired, but when they got started again they had lost all hopes of reaching the station in time for their train. This filled Leonore with renewed dismay at thought of the panic that would ensue if Susie reached home to find herself and Johnny not there before her; but Ned assured her that he would send a telegram that would allay their anxiety, and bidding them look for her safe arrival on the next train; "for we shall go on on the two o'clock night train, and reach Smithton just in time for early breakfast, speaking of which reminds me that I begin to feel the need of a square meal, as doubtless you do too, and when we get back to town we'll have one if the place will afford it," said he.

When they drove into town a crowd had gathered to hail their arrival, the affair having got noised about, as the most

trivial things will in a small place, and Johnny became the hero of the hour, receiving their adulatory advances with the same equanimity of temper that had characterized him throughout his rather novel experience.

When the travelers reached their destination the next morning they found the numerous members of the two families, Thomson and Parsons, waiting at the train to receive them, and, as Nell expressed it, "just bursting with curiosity" to know the cause of their delay. First Leonore introduced her companion, who was cordially welcomed by her uncle, then, as fast as she could talk, she explained the cause of her most unexpected delay. When she had finished the laughter that greeted Ned was prolonged and repeated on the part of all but Susie, who, with Johnny in her arms, seemed inclined to regard the matter in a more serious light, declaring that she would never trust him to travel with Leonore again, lest she should lose him beyond recovery.

True to Leonore's prediction, it was long ere Ned heard the last of his ridiculous blunder.

"Am I not avenged?" she asked him, some months after the occurrence of the affair.

"Only partially," he answered, "but I know of a plan by which you may secure a full and lifelong revenge."

"What is it?"

"That you marry me."

"I am tempted to accept your plan, for vengeance is sweet," answered she, smiling archly, and from the manner in which he kissed her a moment after it is safe to conclude that he, too, thought it sweet.

MRS. HARRIET A. CHUTE.

A DOUBLE MISTAKE.

THE head proof-reader looked longingly at her little, old-fashioned watch, but it still lacked an hour of the time when she should be released from toil. She tucked it into its hiding-place and resumed her inspection of a circular which the firm of job printers who employed her were getting out. Her copy-holder rattled it off aloud, the proof-reader made a few cabalistic marks upon it, and it was handed to a waiting press-boy. Next came an order of dances for an Irish ball; and here was a burly Irishman, who had somehow run the gauntlet of the outer office and turned up in the proof-reader's den to consult about this same order. She advised him patiently and kindly, showed samples of different type, and dismissed him, he remarking, as he stumbled out of the door, "Thank ye, miss; ye're a fine young leddy; there's not a bit of pride about yees."

Then came a pamphlet entitled, "Are Creeds Creedal?" printed for gratuitous distribution by the author, and full of such words as honor, harbor, candor, and others with the same termination, which the author insisted on spelling honour, harbour, candour, and appeared periodically with fire in each eye and a dictionary in each hand to remonstrate with the firm on "the pig-headedness, sir, the monumental ignorance, of your proof-reader." Miss Le Fresne laughed a little as she heard his denunciations in the outer office and serenely continued penciling hieroglyphics on the margin of the page. She was interrupted by a lady, who entered hastily.

"My dear sister," said Miss Le Fresne, rising, "what brings you here?"

"I am on my way to the depot," said the lady, quickly. "The carriage is downstairs with baby and nurse. The doctor says I mustn't lose any time in getting that baby to the shore. Do not look so anxious; he is not very sick, but I want to be on the safe side. I dismissed the cook—that last cook was really vicious, Annette. You have no idea how she talked when I discharged her—uttered all kinds of threats—and papa is going to stay in our house to take care of it while we are away; he said the creature might take it into her head to come back and set it on fire. And one thing I forgot, my little bird. I am sure papa will never think to feed him, and I want you to take him to your room and care for him while I am gone. And now, good-bye, dear. Take care of yourself, write to me, and come and see me in your vacation."

The sisters kissed affectionately, and the lady departed as hastily as she came.

The hour of dismissal arrived; it was a half-holiday. Annette, in her cozy room at her home-like boarding-place, thought of the canary to which she had suddenly become guardian, and decided no better time than the present to fetch him to his future home. She assumed her new tailor-made suit with much satisfaction, and set a jaunty bonnet above her soft, dark curls, nodding to her image in the glass and saying, "You look very nice, my dear!"

The day was lovely; a cloudless sky, the softest of breezes, and a faint smell of

brown earth and green, growing things saluted Annette as she stepped out-of-doors. She was a good walker, and she flitted along with much the same motion that a brown bird has in its excursions.

Her sister's house was situated outside of the town, which made the walk even more delightful. It stood in its own grounds, "somewhat back from the village street," and as she passed up the driveway she heard the canary singing in a bay-window as if it would break its heart.

Of course, it was not likely any one would be in the house at that time of day, for Papa Le Fresne, now the only occupant, had business in the city and seldom returned before evening; but the key of the side door was always left in a hiding-place known only to a privileged few, and this hiding-place Annette proceeded to explore. She drew a small and spotless glove from a pretty little hand, stooped, and felt under the second step leading to the piazza; there, on a nail, should have hung the key, but no key was there. A long-legged spider, however, took the opportunity to walk up her sleeve, and was speedily dislodged with a little shriek.

"Dear me!" she reflected. "This is papa's work. He always forgets to leave the key. But now I have come so far, I must get that bird, for I shall not have another opportunity for a week, and who knows whether he has been fed to-day? Yes, I must certainly get into the house, key or no key!"

She tried once more under the step, but only succeeded in tattooing her hand with dust. Then she went completely around the outside of the house, and tried every door; all were inhospitably locked. She inserted the latch-key of her own boarding-place in one door; it entered the key-hole easily enough, but declined to turn or recede, and it was only by a violent wrench that she released it, nearly falling backward herself as it came out. She looked around hastily, but no one saw her, and she thrust the exasperating key

into the depths of her pocket. After meditating a moment, she strolled round to the canary's bay-window, hoping it had been left open at the top to give the bird some air, but, to all appearances it might have been hermetically sealed. She sat down on the terrace and pondered while resting, and amused herself by trying to fit words to the notes of the small singer within.

"Tr-r-r-r-ry again, again, Annette, Annette, tr-r-r-r-ry, tr-r-r-r-ry again, do you hear me, hear me, hear r-r-r-r-r me?"

An individual appeared by her side at this juncture, a stately and dignified person, in a well-brushed suit of black and with white whiskers. He uttered an inarticulate sound when he saw Annette, and she took him in her arms and kissed his white forehead. This was Tim, the family cat.

"I am not given to kissing cats, as a rule," said Annette, "but so clean, respectable, and well-bred a person as you are, Timothy, anybody might be glad to kiss. I am going to try the kitchen window; would you like to go?"

Tim purred and followed her as she went with light steps to a certain window which she remembered her sister lamenting for months as being non-burglar-proof. It was far too high for the little lady to reach, so she looked around until she found an empty barrel, which she rolled under the window and set upright; then prospected farther and found a small box, which she placed on the barrel, and proceeded to become the apex of the structure herself.

"Tell me if you see anybody coming, Tim," said she.

Tim winked his yellow eyes and sat down to wait. His attention was fixed on a dry leaf which the breeze wafted gently along, when he heard his mistress exclaim, "Good gracious! there's a man!" and she descended with more speed than grace.

"I guess he didn't see me," said Annette, referring to a solitary pedestrian

walking innocently along the street. "I couldn't get in, Tim. I think the window is nailed up, but it just occurs to me that I saw a cellar-window open and I can break in there. To be sure, it descends into the coalbin, but who cares? I can avoid soiling my dress. I shall try, any way. I am not going back without that bird if I can help it."

She turned her dress-skirt carefully up, fastened it securely with a pin, laid her dainty bonnet and gloves on a terrace in a sheltered place, and began to lower herself through the narrow window, which, although only half the size of the other windows in the house, still admitted her slight figure with ease; and she found herself standing in the almost empty coalbin with no mishaps except an abrasion of one wrist. Tim had followed and stood beside her with erect ears and waving tail. She stepped lightly across the cemented floor and up the cellar stairs to the closed kitchen door and took hold of the door-knob; but the handle was stationary; it would not even turn.

"Why, how strange!" said she, and stooped and looked through the key-hole.

She distinctly saw a white shirtsleeve and a man's hand holding the door-knob.

So great was the surprise and fright that her heart bounded as if it would burst through its walls; a fierce bolt of terror seemed to shoot through her; she staggered and almost slipped on the stairs; but without a cry or word she swiftly turned, sped down the stairs, across the cellar floor, and scrambled, she hardly knew how, but with little care this time for hands or garments, out of the window, and stood in the open air under the safe blue sky, with a heart beating tumultuously. Tim followed at his leisure; his calmness was a comic contrast to her excitement.

Somebody was in the house, that was certain, and it was likewise in evidence that somebody had no business there. And should she walk to the nearest police-

station for help, or should she wait till a policeman made his appearance on that unfrequented street, thus preventing the individual inside from making his escape during her absence? A tumult of projects filled her mind, but so confused and still terrified was she, that she could come to no conclusion, and walked slowly up and down the terrace, waiting for her pulses to subside and her thoughts to crystallize into shape. Several minutes elapsed in this way, when a face peering from the bay-window caused her heart to give a final bound, and then, as she uttered an exclamation, she caught up her bonnet and gloves and ran to the door, which she beat loudly upon with her two little fists, and called, "Papa! Papa Le Fresne! let me in this minute!"

A mild-mannered old gentleman hereupon unlocked the door with surprise and embarrassment depicted upon his venerable features.

"Why, Annette, is this you?" he said, somewhat sheepishly.

"Of course it is, and what are you playing hide-and-seek with me for? Do you know you frightened me half to death? Why didn't you let me in?"

"I thought it was the cook," stammered Papa Le Fresne, "and your actions were like a burglar's—trying to enter the house through the cellar—"

"The cook! What cook? Do I look like a cook?" demanded Annette. "Oh! I see!" she added, bursting into a laugh. "Did you think that dishonest woman my sister discharged was trying to break in and steal? And why on earth did you not open the door and confront her?"

"I thought I would not mortify her by letting her know she was detected," mumbled the old gentleman, apologetically.

"O papa! you certainly are too good for this wicked world," laughed his daughter. "But didn't you hear me talking to Tim?"

"My daughter," said Papa Le Fresne,

solemnly, "you must cure yourself of that bad habit of talking to cats. That cook also talked incessantly to Tim or any one else who would listen. I assure you, you resembled her in a remarkable degree."

"Papa! you are incorrigible! But if

you took me for a burglar, I also took you for one, so you see it was a double mistake. Come home with me to tea and carry the bird-cage, and let us both try to retrieve our characters," ended Annette. roguishly.

ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

THE COMFORTER.

HOW dost Thou come, O Comforter?
In heavenly glory dressed,
Down floating from the far-off skies,
With lilies on Thy breast?
With silver lilies on Thy breast,
And in Thy falling hair,
Bringing the bloom and balm of Heaven
To this dim, earthly air?

How dost Thou come, O Comforter?
With strange, unearthly light,
And mystic splendor aureoled,
In trances of the night?
In lone, mysterious silences,
In visions rapt and high,
And holy dreams, like pathways set
Betwixt the earth and sky?

Not thus alone, O Comforter!
Not thus, Thou Guest Divine,
Whose presence turns our stones to bread,
Our water into wine!
Not always thus—for Thou dost stoop
To our poor, common clay,
Too faint for saintly ecstasy,
Too impotent to pray.

How does God send the Comforter?
Ofttimes through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer,
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm.

How does God send the Comforter?
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Haply in childhood's laughing voice
Shall breathe the voice divine,
And tender hands of earthly love
Pour for thee heavenly wine!

How will God send the Comforter?
Thou knowest not, nor I!
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy pain surcease!

JULIA C. R. DOER, in *June Scribner*.



ON THE ART OF OBTAINING IDEAS.

THERE was never an achievement which did not start with an idea. The mind has to generate every enterprise, no matter how material it may seem in process and result. You would hardly think, looking at a noisy dray rumbling over the pavement—the most material and utilitarian object the mind can conceive of—that it was once an idea. But so it was. Those huge, ungainly wheels, those massive axles, those timbers, bolts, and bars are the result of thought. Somebody conceived the idea of putting them together in the form of a dray. So with industrial processes, with everything that seems remote from idealism; no matter of what sort the enterprise may be, it necessarily has its origin in the mind.

The law, therefore, holds true in the material as well as the intellectual fields of human activity, that everything which is new, original, and valuable must proceed from an idea. Consequently, to be rich in ideas is a guaranty of power. Edison is a man who is rich in ideas on the material side, and no living man to-day wields a greater power in the world than the noted American electrician. Mr. Gladstone is a man who is rich in ideas on the intellectual side. His mental breadth and comprehensiveness are the marvel of the intellectual world. And Mr. Gladstone easily stands first among the influential men of his age.

Confessing, then, that the man of ideas is the man of power, it becomes of the highest moment to discover how ideas can be obtained—how the ideal faculty may be cultivated, so as to produce by constant exercise that mental fund which consti-

tutes power. In a word; is there such a thing as an *art of obtaining ideas*? If so, what are its principles, and how do they apply to the average individual?

We may, perhaps, approach the solution of these questions most directly by taking the profession of literature as the basis of inquiry. From this point the whole subject of idealism gets its clearest and most unbroken light. Literature is the dominion of ideas. It is subject to the laws of ideas, and to none other. It forms, therefore, the fairest ground upon which to discuss such a general question of idealism as has been proposed.

The question before us, then, is this: Is there in literature any such thing as an art of obtaining ideas? Whence do literary suggestions come? Are they, like angels' visits, vouchsafed at intervals to pen-driving mortals, or is there some mental process by which they may be generated? The writer of this paper inclines strongly to the latter hypothesis. The literary tendency in this age, and especially in this country, is so widely shared, and the summons of the muses is being so generally heeded, that a much larger force of angels would be required to convey detached inspirations to the multitude of scribblers than the value of Nineteenth Century literature as a moral and remedial power in the world would warrant. Consequently, it is simply a matter of common sense to agree that most, if not all, of the extremely fertile and prolific writers of the day generate their own ideas. Does anybody suppose, for instance, that Mr. Frank Stockton depends for the suggestion of his most unique and fascinating stories upon plots

discharged into his literary consciousness by some spiritual catapult? Is it not very much more likely that he has made himself a master of the art of obtaining ideas, as that art applies to literary work? The same thing might be suggested with still greater force in the case of our most popular American novelist, Mr. Howells. If this favorite writer gets his ideas and inspirations from angels' visits, the latter emissaries must have spent a good deal of time, previous to visiting his sanctum, in making themselves familiar with all sorts and conditions of average humanity.

Granting, at least, that there may be in literature an art of obtaining ideas, let us see if it has any principles, and, if it has, how they would apply to the average literary aspirant.

We may lay down, as the first principle of any art, the necessity of becoming familiar with its best examples. This holds in literature, as well as in painting, or sculpture, or music, or architecture. The first step, therefore, toward becoming fruitful in literary ideas is to obtain a wide and intimate acquaintance with literary classics. We find that, in almost every case of literary productiveness, this principle has been recognized. A *litterateur* need not be a person of the highest education, as classical acquirements are reckoned, but he must be reasonably familiar with the products of *his art*. A poet of power is, as a rule, familiar with the world's best poetry. A successful novelist has generally steeped himself in plots, pathos, and proprieties before coming before the public. So with every form of literature; the novice must first acquaint himself with what is best in form and quality in the domain of thought which he proposes to enter.

A second principle of the art of obtaining ideas in literature is familiarity with life; first, acquaintance with books; secondly, acquaintance with life. Literature is life, not photographed, but sketched. The essential features are caught, and the

rest left to be supplied by the imagination. No writer can be rich in ideas who is poor in observation. No matter how great genius (?) a young poet or novelist may possess, he cannot sit down and make a strong, vivid picture of life unless he has seen life. Miss Murfree took the world by storm with her *Tennessee Mountain-eers*. But it was not a mental picture—she drew them from life. Even her powerful pen could not have made a success of a story with New England types for characters. But all that is now necessary for her to achieve such a success is to study New England life.

One more principle governing art in literature should be mentioned—the most important principle of all. It is that of *aptitudes*. No writer can be rich in ideas who attempts to do that for which he is not fitted. In a recent article in the *New York Independent*, Mr. Maurice Thompson argues that the literary man of to-day should consider the whole field of literature his rightful domain. Besides being directly opposed to the scientific spirit and development of the time, which more and more demands and necessitates specialized effort, this theory clashes with a principle of art which has always been recognized as a practical guide by students seeking a high degree of excellence—that of following the leading *bent*. It would be hard to name an eminent modern painter or sculptor who has not earned his success and fame by specialized effort. One is a great marine painter; another a great landscape or portrait painter. One sculptor excels in the production of busts; another in the production of ideal creations. The same principle ought to be, and is, recognized in literature. Each writer seeks his inspirations in accordance with his tastes and aptitudes. The beginner in literature should not try to cover the whole field of literary productiveness. If he does, a more or less clever mediocrity is sure to be his reward. Three principles, then, in literature govern what we

have supposed to be a veritable art in the origination of ideas. It appears reasonable to say that fertility of mind is the product of a certain culture, not of communication with any supernatural bureau of information or inspiration. There is a very definite method in the madness of the most fanciful story-teller. Why not agree that the same principles and the same method constitute an art of obtaining ideas in all departments of human activity? The power that comes from

originality and force of thought is just as likely to be the result of the proper culture in business life as it is in poetry. The mechanical inventor and the story-teller are governed by the same mental laws. The art of obtaining ideas is one which may be cultivated by every man who has a distinct purpose in life; and in so far as this practical idealism becomes the possession of the man, in so far will his power and influence in the world be increased.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE TOP-RAIL CLUB.

MRS. OAKES told us something new. It may help others over the same trouble. One of her daughters teaches school in the district joining theirs and boards at home. It is a hard school to manage, and the girl is anxious and troubled all the time, so that her habit of sleep at night is broken up.

Rubbing her head with gentle strokes did no good, nor did bathing her feet, or a walk before retiring, so the mother, alarmed, set about planning some kind of relief. Sleeplessness is a habit, only, a bad habit into which to fall. Any habit can be broken. And this was how she did it.

After Annie had retired and had been in bed long enough to begin to feel sleepy, the mother, near her, softly sang some of the beautiful old hymns that she had sang to her in her babyhood, especially those that had always been her favorites. And as she gently fell asleep, the singer softly stole out, letting the music die away gradually in the distance.

In a few evenings the "sweet restorer" came again, and after awhile Annie could go to bed and shut her eyes and go off to sleep, grateful as anybody who knows the worth of sweet slumber.

When one has wakefulness it can be subdued, as in a little child, by gentle rubbing down the back.

And then the parson's wife told of a

time when a colporteur took sick at her house, comfortably sick, and was afraid to let the family go to bed and leave him alone. She managed him. He would not try to sleep. He was full of notions. He found fault with the doctor and the medicines, and was so exacting as to be troublesome.

She would make him roll over to the other side of the bed where it was cool, and then, as in an idle, purposeless way, she would begin to talk low and soothing, meantime gently rubbing his back, and when his eyes closed she would make mesmeric passes over him and he would soon be in a sound sleep from which he would not rouse for hours. One time he did not wake until long after breakfast was over and the work done up.

She was afraid she had sent him into that "sleep that knows no waking," and in her fear she ventured to drop the tin dish-pan and tip over a rocking-chair. Then he moved, and, elated with her strategy, she said, "You had a nice, refreshing sleep, didn't you, poor boy?"

And the stubborn answer was, "Naw, I've not slept!"

We met on a Saturday, that the time would accommodate the school-teacher, but she sent a note that she had one of her terrible headaches and could not meet the Top-rails that day.

Then the doctor's wife said, "Well, I

must go over and see her after I go home. There is no use of any woman suffering with the headache, either periodical, sick, or nervous. Time was when women had to stand it, because the physicians didn't know what to do, but that time is away back in the dark ages. Rest and quiet will cure a nervous headache. A periodical pain in the head is best treated by the adage, 'fore-warned, fore-armed.' One must be very careful what she eats. Eat as little as will answer, for a day or two, keep the feet warm, the temper even, do not worry about the work, and in a little while the danger-period will have passed by.

"Sick headache is the signal of distress which the stomach puts up to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its fluids—that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. For this we would take a teaspoonful of lemon juice, clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bed-time. If this is followed up until all symptoms are past, taking no other medicines, one will soon be freed from the nuisance.

"Lemon juice and water, without sugar, is a grateful medicinal beverage for a person of bilious habit, but to make it a sovereign remedy it will in most cases need the help of a reform in diet and a little let-up from work and care; or the same causes will be apt to reproduce the effect—the same as the tight boot will bring back corns that have been removed."

And then the doctor's wife told us how she used to suffer the pains of death with headaches that came frequently, growing more and more severe, it seemed. No physician could understand or help her. She read, and thought, and investigated, and finally, out of her own experience evolved the problem, solved and made so plain that she who would could read its meaning right.

There is no ailment, among the common ones, that breaks and fades and ages a woman faster than headache and neuralgia. And how sorrowful and friendless a poor woman feels when wrestling with these antagonists. Sometimes in the long nights, when her husband, like those who could "not watch one hour," though sympathetic, sleeps by her side. How true that women are "perilously fashioned!"

Susie's sister is visiting her. The two women are very much alike. When asked if she had anything good for the women of the Club, she took up the corner of her scrim apron, began to lay it in plaits in an embarrassed way, and said "she guessed not."

But Susie said, "Yes, Liza, you have. I saw you take a scrap out of your pocket-book on purpose for the women to-day. You are not afraid of any of these folks here, no more than you are of the women of the 'Working Circle' down at the Dell. Come, come, Liza!"

And Liza, a pretty woman with a complexion like a ripe peach, read in a clear voice a little excerpt, *Speak a Cheerful Word*:

"Did you ever go out in the morning with a heart so depressed and saddened that a pall seemed spread over all the world? But on meeting a friend who spoke cheerily for a minute or two, if only upon indifferent matters, you have felt yourself wonderfully lightened. Every child dropping into your house on an errand brought in a ray of sunshine which did not depart when he went his way again.

"It is a blessed thing to speak a cheerful word when you can. The 'heart knoweth its own bitterness' the world over, and good words to such hearts 'are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Even strangers we meet casually by the way, in the store, the market, the waiting-room, are unconsciously influenced by the tone we use. It is always the one with pleasant words on his lips to whom strangers apply for advice and direction in their perplexities.

"Take it as a compliment if some way-farer comes to you to direct him which street or which train to take; your manner has struck him as belonging to one whom he can trust.

"It is hard to speak a pleasant word sometimes when the shadows rest on our own hearts; but nothing will tend more to lighten our spirits than doing good to another.

"When you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word you can often send a full beam of sunshine into the heart of some sorrowing, absent, lonely one by sitting down and writing a good, warm-hearted letter."

How we did laugh! It was too funny! That woman, Mrs. Blair, so enjoys stories on herself!

She said when she was a girl, a school-teacher, forty years ago, there was a handsome young man who paid her marked attention. They were interested in each other, not in love, not intimate friends, just had good fellowship.

One time the teachers in her vicinity attended a convention in the nearest city. On the way home the train paused a moment in a green, swampy place, where the wild roses bloomed in profusion. Like any romantic girl, she wished for some of the flowers. No sooner had young Slater, the handsome teacher, heard her wish, than it was granted. Her arms were full of the blushing beauties, dewy and fragrant. And to recompense him the next week she sent him a poem called, *To the Wild Roses*. There were twenty verses of eight lines each.

And here the women of the Club laughed like boys let loose for a holiday to think that Mrs. Blair, the woman whose rich, yellow cheeses and rolls of butter commanded any price, should ever have written verses at all!

But all this was long ago, was in the year of our Lord 1845. Even Mrs. Blair had quite forgotten the incident until it was rudely brought to her remembrance only the evening before. She was going down the bank from the gate to the cow stable, carrying two tin milk pails and a large bucket of bran slop for the cows. It was a good load. The path was slippery. She picked out her steps as best she could. Just then a buggy was passing with a man in it. She had not seen Dr. Adonis Slater, of the nearest city, for eleven years, but she knew him—pursy, crowned by a sooty wig, full cheeks, fine carriage, gold glasses, and the same blue, beautiful eyes of long ago.

She said to hide her embarrassment she pretended not to notice the gentleman passing, and to make him think she was still youthful and girlish she wiggled along nimbly and smiling.

Just as he was opposite her, both heels went from under her, and she sat down very suddenly with the bucket of cow feed in her lap, and the tin pails behaving as though they had gone to a belling party in the hands of a rude boy. He pretended

not to see her, and she pretended as though that was one of the milkmaid proprieties. And then she drew a laughable picture of the changes brought by time to the romantic dreamers of forty years ago. It was very laughable. We coaxed her to try and recall some of the sentimental eight-line verses addressed to the wild swamp roses, but she said making butter and cheese was death to that kind of ambition and inspiration.

And then Mrs. Stuart told the girls that if they were searching in one of her boxes what they would find. This: An old letter, dim and yellow from having been carried next a man's heart through all weathers, while the fit was on him, and from having been kissed after the way that mothers and aunties kiss "the sweetest place, the cuddliest place, under the baby's chin." The letter contains a rosebud mashed out of all semblance to a flower, a silky, goldy tress of maiden's hair, and a pin—a common pin—consecrated after it had fastened the ribbon round her neck.

The letter is fervid, glowing; a roaring vow it contains of how he, the writer, a young school-teacher entering his twenties, will never, never, no never, wed in all the life in which he "walks in shadows darker than the murkiest gloom."

Mrs. Stuart was the young man's mother-confessor. The letter was put into her hands to hold until the terribly stricken young man was laid in his coffin, and then she was to come forward and place this treasure on his pulseless breast. He knew the cough was the harbinger of death. He knew his "failing appetite meant that the soul was loosing itself from the moorings of the carnal flesh," and that, the sounds he heard in his dreams "were the angels a-tuning their golden harps."

To-day she, the girl who owned the hair and the pin and the decayed rosebud, dickers with the "projuce man," who rides in his wagon and barters for rags, eggs, butter, lard, tallow, and old gum shoes. She can drive a sharp bargain. No one fools her on glucose or ground pepper. She has not a tooth in her cavernous mouth, and not enough hair on her head to stuff an ideal pincushion.

She doesn't care half as much for her complexion and the fashions as she does for the best breed of laying fowls. When

she speaks of anything she says "my," instead of "our." Her husband is not Jeremiah, but "he," or "my man."

And the broken-hearted young man? My! oh! my! Married a rich widow. Deals in stock. Rides in a top carriage. Always cheats his tenants. Mrs. met him lately driving some hogs. He made his whip crack like spring thunder. He chewed tobacco violently. He pointed out with the end of his whip a lop-sided porker and said, "I tended that pig and fed it with a spoon like a young un, and now see what I made of it! Not a bit of runty pig; broad, sound, sweet, toothsome, and worth a lot of money. I learned to love the creetur' in the winter nights, and now see I'm reaping my reward; get up there, ho ho ho! glang with ye!"

And that was the breast that embosomed the dear love tokens! "Alas for man! alas for maid!"

Mrs. Lenox told the Club how easy it was for her to make good corn-meal muffins. To one pint of buttermilk, she takes one egg and a pinch of salt, thickens with meal to the proper consistency. If the muffins are for breakfast, she does this the evening before, so as to save time and not be hurried in the morning. Every working woman knows how many chores the morning brings, even in the best regulated families. Then, when the table is set and everything in readiness, and the spider or griddle hot, she dissolves a teaspoonful of soda in four spoonfuls of cold water, adds it to the batter, and begins to fry them. They are far better than if they had been mixed awhile, and much less trouble.

Flour muffins made after this plan she finds to be an improvement.

Mrs. Raymond, the wife of the engineer, said she had mended a valuable cook-book, the leaves of which had been torn off cornerwise, in one place, by a baby that always had its own way. Did it by taking the strips of gummed paper that come on the edges of sheets of postage stamps; put it on after the manner that strips of court plaster are put on cuts and wounds.

And another woman had mended dresses and garments that were not wash goods by touching lightly with mucilage on the wrong side and putting a patch over. A good way to repair in the holes and thin places.

Mrs. Lenox said she felt inclined to offer a criticism on one of the recipes for Graham bread in the back of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE in the February number. A pint of molasses is an immoderate quantity, and she thinks it is a mistake. She makes hers this way: Take a quart of bread sponge and half a teacupful of molasses and stir in all the Graham flour possible with a spoon; do not knead it; pour into a deep pan, wet the top a little, smooth it, and let it rise and bake.

Her nearest neighbor sent her a broad slice of delicious raised cake, the recipe of which she brought with her. It is so handy for one's weekly baking day, and the cake is always welcome. Take two cups of the raised dough, two of sugar, one cup each of butter, raisins, and currants, three eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, a teaspoon of soda, and flour sufficient.

Susie had succeeded in removing mildew from baby Ethel's white dress after the lemon juice recipe had failed. A patch of mildew quite as large as one's hand, it was, too. She had rubbed the place with soft soap and then worked into it all the fine salt possible. She let it lie from morning till afternoon, then boiled it, and laid it out in the sun for a day or two. The stain showed a little gray yet, and she repeated the process, and the second time every atom of it was removed.

This will not rot the goods, as a solution of oxalic acid will sometimes do.

Mrs. Hogan sent the Club a word of advice regarding old or faded or soiled ingrain carpet. She had twenty-six yards that had been used for several years. She supposed it had lived out its period of usefulness, and took it up and threw it across the fence. After her week's washing was done she had so much good suds she thought she would wash the old carpet, as she had a good machine and wringer—that perhaps she could get some good pieces out of it. She was surprised and delighted to see the faded red and yellow and brown take on new and fresh tints. After it was well washed and dried, she got enough quite handsome carpet out of it to put on the floor of an upper chamber, a room little used, and where the blinds and wall-paper matched the new carpet nicely.

Lily was going to meet the Y. W. C.

T. U., and she put on her best clothes. As she passed through the room, she excused herself to the ladies of the Club, waving her hand and smiling.

One of the women said, "Why, Lily! what makes you dress up as if you were going to a wedding?"

"Oh! I do it to make the girls feel as if it was a joyful occasion!" she answered, throwing back the gay pink ribbon ties that fastened her new bonnet under her chin. "You know there is a great deal in that; one can give the occasion an air of festivity, and make it seem that it is a

rare and happy and wonderful good time! I want to encourage the girls and make them feel glad to help on in the good work."

She was correct. How many of us can well remember how tired we little girls became of seeing our teacher's faded old dresses, day after day, that she was "trying to wear out," as she said. It seemed as if she didn't care for us, or care whether we learned or not. And how we loved the teacher who wore pretty dresses, and bright bows and ribbons, and patted our cheeks, and put the flowers in her hair that the children had brought to her.

PIPSEY POTTS.

RELIGIOUS READING.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
Not as I will."

YES, this is the lesson life teaches us as we live it out from day to day, until it comes to be the sweetest, best thought we know—this thought that it is God's will and not ours which shall "be done"—the will of the loving Father whose justice and mercy and love can never fail us, and in whose sight all our yesterdays, our to-days, and our to-morrows lie plainly revealed. This thought gives a steadfastness and purpose to life which nothing else can. It lifts our little day here into the eternities and joins the now with that which is to be.

Through it we "lay hold on God" and feel the might of His strong arm beneath us, and, through all the pain and anguish we may have to bear, we can still look up and say, "It is well, O Father!" We know with an ever-deepening knowledge that this is the way in which we should walk, and that He goes with us step by step through all. We know that the clouds are His as well as the sunshine, and He is nearest us when the way seems

darkest, and, oh! we are so glad to trust all the ordering of our lives to Him.

"Not as we will!" the sound grows sweet.
Each time our lips the words repeat,
'Not as we will!' the darkness feels
More safe than light, when this thought
steals,
Like whispering voice, to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
'Not as we will!' because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill,
'Not as we will.'"

Until we have learned to feel this, and can trust Him with the unquestioning love and confidence of a child for its parent, we can never know the full, deep meaning of peace or be truly happy and at rest. I do not say this will take the pain out of life or save us from bitter trial—oh! no; while life endures there must be more or less of trial for us each to bear, but it will help us as nothing else can to bear all aright, and we shall learn of His love and His purposes through all, and be not afraid. I read to-day, "The only way in this world to get peace is to make it out of pain." This is just what we do, just what He does for us when we trust Him with entire trust and love. It is the peace made "out of pain" that

abides. We never forget the glimpses of God and Heaven which come to us in our darkest hours. We never forget the pressure of His hand as He leads us through the wilderness of sorrow, or cease to feel the blessedness of His healing when our souls were the weariest. That which comes to us in the darkness stays with us when the darkness has passed by. Yea! it is because of it that the darkness does pass by, and just in proportion to our pain is the strength and peace which we bring from it to brighten and bless our remaining days. Until we have "walked with Him in the dark," we can never know the full measure of His love for us; until, to outward seeming, we have let go some most precious joy, we can never know how surely all that He gives is given forever.

The heart can never lose one of its true riches. There is no love that comes to us here but shall be ours in fuller measure "over there." The song, hushed in sobbing here, goes right on "over there," and, by and by, we shall take up its notes and sing it on to completeness.

Oh! the joy of living when time and eternity are blended into one! when the life here is linked in an unbroken chain with the life beyond! Why do we talk of eternity and the beyond as if they were something outside of or apart from present time? Is not to-day just as much a part of eternity as any future time can be? Are we not already living in its solemnities and in its blessings?

Is not God ours, here and now, just as truly as He ever can be in any place or at any time?

Would it not help us unmeasurably in all we have to do or to bear if we fully realized that eternity began for us each one in the first moment of life, and that our Father plans our every day, our every duty, as truly on earth as in Heaven? We put Heaven too far away from us in our common thought when it should be a conscious part of all we do, of all we live each day, a constant inspiration and help to us through all; and this it will be when with all our hearts we can say, "Thy will be done," and do give ourselves wholly up to be led by the Father-hand of God, casting all doubts and fears aside.

No traveler thinks to climb the Alpine heights without a guide, but when he has found one, he yields himself to his guidance and follows with confidence up the slippery steep. Shall man follow man with more confidence than he follows God? Shall man trust to man more safely than the soul trusts to its Maker? There are slippery steep and yawning precipices on every hand in the life-journey, but the Father knows of them every one and can guide us over them in the utmost safety as no other can. He will never fail us. Trusting to Him, we shall find restful nooks and pleasant meadows where we least expect them, and over all will be the glory of His love, the grandeur of a life shared with Him, through all will be the peace which only the tried heart can know, and, looking back from the summit, we shall thank Him most of all that He lead us not as we willed, but as He willed.

We know no more of what is for our best good than children do; the parent who would grant all a child asks would be more than foolish. "No," we say, "you are too young to know what is for your good; some things we can give you, but others we must withhold." Just so God says to us, just so He deals with us, only with this difference: Our human love and judgment are often at fault, try as we may, and we cannot always know what is wisest and best for our child, but His love is unerring, His judgment is swift and sure, always giving that which is for our truest good and keeping back that which will work us harm. The child cries when its will is crossed, but in time it learns to trust the love which watches over it, and to believe that all is intended for its good. We, too, are but children in our crying and struggling against the Almighty will; but "wisdom comes with length of days;" then faith takes the place of fear as we learn more and more to believe in the Love over us all, and sooner or later every faithful heart finds, as Faith Harribee did, "There is no earthly sorrow that endures; no earthly pleasure like daily duty well wrought, and no earthly peace like 'God's will be done.'" It is heavenly peace as well as earthly, and heavenly pleasure too.

EARNEST.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

JACK'S LESSON.

JACK DERBY was a good, kind-hearted boy, the son of honest, hard-working people, for his father was a fisherman, and his mother earned a little by sewing. He had been well brought up, and was much liked by all his companions. Never would he have willingly harmed any one, and he would have been a most lovable boy had he not had one great fault: a tendency to practical joking. Through this same love of fun he had often brought himself into bad scrapes. The neighbors were continually complaining of the tricks he played upon them, and he might have finished by being detested by all who knew him, had he not received a severe lesson, which, through its very severity, was more efficacious than all his parents' admonitions.

Jack was an only child, but when he was about five years old—he was thirteen at the time of which I write—his father had adopted the two-year-old daughter of a younger brother who had been drowned at sea. The little one's mother had died when she was but an infant, and she had no relations except the Derbys. Little Annie, or "Nan," as she was oftener called, had been brought up like their own child.

She was a pretty little girl, frail and shy—too frail by far for a fisherman's cottage. She was the favorite of all the rough fishermen, to whom she appeared almost a fairy vision, with her long golden hair waving in the breeze, and her large dark-blue eyes opening wide in astonishment at the wonderful tales they told. For they often did tell her tales—long yarns of storms and wrecks; and not of these alone, but of phantom ships and spirits, and many other uncanny things, till little Nan was filled with all kinds of superstitious fears. And yet these weird tales had a strange fascination for the child.

She would listen to them for hours together, till at night she hardly dared to look out at the door into the shadowy night; and when she lay in her little bed all in the dark, her poor little heart would throb hard at the slightest noise, till she could almost fancy she saw two great fiery eyes peering at her out of the gloom.

Jack soon perceived this weakness, and thought, too, what a splendid opportunity for a practical joke it afforded him. He pondered over it till he planned a way to give Nan a "real good fright." Out he went one afternoon, armed with a penknife and a big turnip, which he carefully concealed from the eyes of all observers. Entering a little shed where his father and several other fishermen kept their tools, nets, and other things, he sat down on an old barrel, and, taking his penknife, began carefully to scoop out the inside of the turnip. He then cut three large holes in it—two side by side, and one underneath. All this time he kept laughing softly to himself. At last, when his task appeared over, he rose, and again carefully concealing the turnip, he went home.

All the evening he was singularly silent, for, as a rule, he was hardly a minute quiet. His father was to be out late that night, and Mrs. Derby, at seven o'clock, had to carry home some sewing she had been doing. It was then quite dark, for the evenings had begun to draw in considerably. Presently he left the kitchen, where he and Nan had been sitting, and the little one was alone for a time. However, as she was busy with her lessons, she had not time to notice her solitude much, and Jack was soon back again. After having resumed his lessons and written industriously for a few minutes, he looked up, and, as if remembering something, said—

"Oh! I say, Nan, you might just run to the cupboard next father's door, and fetch that kite Aunt Jemima gave me on my

birthday; I promised to show it to Will Jennings to-morrow. He says his is a better one, but I'm sure it isn't. Be quick, that's a good girl."

Nan didn't like the errand at all. Although the cottage was all on the ground floor, and there were consequently no dark stairs to ascend, still the little narrow passage where the cupboard stood was dark and gloomy. She looked at Jack and said nothing.

"Why, little silly, you're not afraid, are you? There's no one there to eat you. Come, do go, Nan."

Nan reluctantly rose and left the room, and ran down the passage to the cupboard, which she pulled open sharply to get this disagreeable errand over as soon as possible. She stretched out her hand to seize the box but started back in terror. For there, facing her in the cupboard, stood a fearful white figure, in long draperies, with outstretched arms and ghastly face, from which two fiery eyes seemed to protrude, and out of a wide and horrible mouth flames seemed to burst.

The terrified child stood for a few seconds petrified and speechless, when suddenly the figure, whose equilibrium had been disturbed by Nan's violent jerk at the door, swayed forward and fell right on her. With a piercing shriek of agony and fear she sprang away, and then fell senseless on the floor.

Jack, who had been waiting impatiently for the issue of his trick, and who thought Nan a long time gone, heard the shriek, and expected to see his cousin come rushing in. But no; she did not come. Terrified at last by the total silence, he seized the candle, and rushed down the passage. There, in the farthest corner, lay the sham ghost, and at a little distance lay Nan, pale and senseless. Setting down the light with a beating heart, Jack knelt down near her and lifted her in his arms. At first, in his terror, he thought she was dead, but at last she opened her eyes and gazed at him vacantly; then suddenly a low, terrible laugh issued from her lips—a laugh which froze the blood in Jack's veins—and then she sank back again. Twice she repeated this, and then the terrified boy saw it all in an instant. Nan was an idiot!

* * * * *

Of his horror and remorse we will not

say; his grief was terrible. At first his father's anger was fearful to witness; but on seeing the remorse and grief of his son he at last forgave him. Jack's love of practical joking was gone, and he became a different boy altogether. In the daytime he would accompany his father on his fishing expeditions; and when he returned in the evening he would sit beside poor little senseless Nan, holding her hand, and trying, by all sorts of gentle means, to divert her mind from the terrible phantom which seemed ever before her, thus endeavoring with all his might to atone for the act of thoughtless folly which had wrought so terrible an evil.

It was a touching sight to see the two out wandering in the evenings, or through the day, when Jack did not go with his father to sea in the boat; and often and often the neighbors remarked on Jack's great devotion to her. His parents, it seemed, had grown more fond of her than ever, now that she needed all attention from them, instead of being able to render them any help. By the incessant ministry of kindness and love, Nan at length, in a measure, recovered her senses, for affection does seem sometimes to work marvelous cures in this kind of affliction; and you may imagine the delight of Jack when once more the dark-blue eyes could answer to his with some measure of intelligence and expression. Nan was never the woman she might have been in mind, but, strange to say, her physical strength increased, and she was the household stay and nurse of Mrs. Derby when she became weak and sickly; and you can fancy the joy and gratitude with which Jack now looked upon the sight.

P. J. MAY.

THE VIOLETS' WISH

A FAIRY STORY.

IT was bright, beautiful spring-time, when everything was wakening into fresh life. Snowdrops were nearly over, pale primroses were starring banks and hedgerows, and violets were shyly unfolding in sheltered places. Birds sang their sweetest of love, home delights, and a happy summer to come; there was a stir and a scent in the air that made the duller nature

rejoice, for none can withstand the universal joy of spring.

But no happiness is perfect in a world where discontent is so apt to creep in to mar the beauty of God's handiwork. Away from danger and evil influence of every sort, a tuft of white violets awoke from winter's sleep. One by one the buds pushed their pink-stained, closely folded petals upward and outward, to open and gaze thankfully with golden eye at the sunbeams that warmed them into life. What mattered it that these beams came scantily to the clustering leaves through boughs and lace-like twigs of trees far above? they were sufficient for the well-being of the violets, ample to carry their message to the humble dwellers in the forest. And for awhile all went well.

But the time came when the sweet white flowers began to wonder why they were made, since no eye saw them, no passer-by paused to admire, no hand to pluck them. "What good are we?" they murmured—"set down to live out here, far away from any one to whom our existence might give pleasure."

"You grumblers!" cried a robin alighting beside them, his scarlet breast and twinkling brown eyes looking brighter than ever in the sunshine. "What can you wish for more than what you have already? A life sheltered from every trouble, every danger; food in plenty from the moist earth, and the dews from above, warmth from the rays in which I bask at this moment, companionship in each blade of grass and plant around you. You deserve a scolding!"

"But we please no one, we do good to no one, we have nothing to do," retorted a chorus of tiny voices from among the leaves.

"Nonsense!" and redbreast's eyes gave an indignant twinkle. "You flowers are a constant delight to us birds, and do you count us nothing, pray? What a glorious world it is? I am so happy, so thankful, and you would be too if, instead of sleeping away the winter-time in warmth underground you had to rough it through frost and snows, often depending on men's charity for a morsel to keep away the pangs of starvation."

"Surely it is not wrong to wish we might do something to help or comfort others?" said a pale, half-opened bud meekly, and

she hung her head, ashamed of speaking after the robin's rebuke.

"No, perhaps not," replied the other, pluming his feathers after a dip in the tiny stream that wound along over the grass near the violet tuft. "I will tell what you say to the south wind, and if he think well he will carry on the message. Meanwhile rest in peace, friends, and be assured few wishes are left unanswered if they be right ones."

So redbreast flew away, and sang of the flowers' desire to the breeze that came softly to meet him as he flew. And the breeze knew the desire was no selfish one, born of craving for change or excitement; so he whispered it to a little child who sauntered along barefoot and in rags, searching for spring treasures to sell in the next town.

"Oh! what a sweet smell!" cried the child, stopping short, and sniffing the air. "There must be violets close by, and in bloom."

Then the south wind passed gently on, for the message was given, and the wish of the flowers was soon to be fulfilled. True, they had uttered it without counting the cost; true, when with a sharp pang they found themselves cut off from the mother-plant, and gathered into the little one's hands, the poor things drooped in dismay, vaguely wondering what would come next. But they soon plucked up heart, and saw the reason of this change in life when reviving in a drop of water at the bottom of a broken glass. The beauties of the forest home were gone, the sun shone dimly through dust-stained panes of an attic window, no bird-songs could be heard, and only the blue sky looked the same. Indeed, the violets were much nearer to this than they had ever been, and inside that poor room in the roof a lame sick girl watched the sweet flowers with as much delight as they from the window-ledge watched the changeful sky outside. Every morning did the girl put fresh water into the glass, and tenderly brushed each speck of dust from her treasures.

But alas! they pined in spite of all from day to day. They missed the country home, the easy life, the pure air; so they faded and drooped over the broken edges till they were almost at death's door. Still there was no word or thought of repining,

not even when redbreast perched one morning on the woodwork of the open window to ask them how they did.

"Well, very well," was the feeble answer. "We have suffered, we are dying, but we have done something for others, and we are content to die. A life of selfish pleasure or ease is not worthy of the name; it is mere existence, but all self-denial for the good of others glorifies existence into life."

So the violets withered; and the sick girl threw them away, with a sigh of regret that the delight they had given her should have passed thus quickly.

S. M. CRAWLEY BOEVEY.

HIS ONE DATE.

THERE once was a scholar forlorn,
For his mind was an object of scorn,
Since each date in history
To him was a mystery,
Excepting the year *he* was born.

WHAT THE SPIDER TAUGHT.

IT was a beautiful evening. The birds were busy building their nests, and all nature seemed full of signs of the approaching summer.

Mrs. Morley had promised her little daughter Anne that as soon as she had finished her lessons she would take her for a nice walk.

Anne had tried to coax her mamma to let her go for the walk first, and do her lessons after; but Mrs. Morley always acted upon the wise rule, "Duty first and pleasure after;" so amid many sighs, and now and then a restless movement, Anne continued her task, inwardly thinking every moment worse than wasted, in her efforts to finish the allotted task. At length she said—

"It is no use trying any more. I am sure I shall never be able to do it;" and she threw down her book, and put aside her slate.

"No use trying?—never be able to do it?" replied her mother. "You seem to have settled the matter beyond doubt."

"Yes, mamma. Here I have been trying ever so long to find out where I have made a mistake, and I cannot do it."

"But it does not prove that you cannot do it if you try, my dear."

"But I have tried, and that plainly shows that I am not able," replied Anne, with a deep sigh.

"Well, I wouldn't be beaten by a little sum like that," said Mrs. Morley. "I am sure if you will fully give your mind to it, and resolve to find out where you have made the mistake, you will be sure to succeed. Come, let me see if I can find it out."

After looking it over carefully, she added—

"I thought so, Anne. It is not so much a matter of difficulty as your own want of giving proper care and thought to it. And as one of the purposes of school lessons is to help you to get into the habit of being careful and thoughtful, I must insist upon your giving your mind to it; and when you have succeeded I will tell you some interesting stories to prove the value of this spirit of perseverance."

Thus encouraged, and finding there was no way of escaping, Anne set to work with a will, and in a short time she was heard to say, with a voice full of joy and satisfaction—

"There, I've done it after all!"

"And all the stronger for doing it as well," added Mrs. Morley, as she began to get ready to go for the promised walk.

They had not gone very far down the green lanes before Mrs. Morley saw stretching across, from one tree to another, a spider's web.

"Look, Anne, here is something which will help you to understand what perseverance can do. See that beautiful spider's web?"

"Yes, mamma; but spiders are such nasty things, I don't like to look at them."

"That arises from want of thought, my dear. For if you did look at them closely you would see so much to admire in them."

"Should I, mamma? And what should I see?"

"Many things. Come a little closer, for these house-spiders are perfectly harmless. They will not hurt. See, as I touch this one with my pencil, how he rolls himself up into a ball, and shams as if he were dead. Then look at this beautiful web he has made. See how regularly he has made the circles, and how the web radiates from the centre. I love to watch a spider

constructing one of these beautiful networks; they are so perfect."

"And does it take long to do it, mamma?" asked Anne.

"Sometimes; because they are exposed to so many difficulties. Storms and strong winds often destroy their nets, but they go to work to renew it as soon as the weather allows. A bird sometimes, by its wing catching against it, sweeps away the delicate fabric, but again the spider erects his scaffolding, and spreads his curious web. Even when it is finished, a large bee or a hornet may fly against it, and make a break in its folds."

"But why does he weave that beautiful network?"

"To catch his prey, which he devours when he has time."

"What a cruel thing to set his trap to do such a wicked thing."

"Yet after all, my dear, the spider only does what others do. Man kills, and men and women and children eat. Animals largely feed upon one another, by a law which the Creator has given them to supply their hunger."

"But still, mamma, you tell the servant often to sweep down these cobwebs from our rooms."

"Yes, I do, my dear; I generally sigh when I think of the care and skill which they have displayed in making their homes so beautiful."

"But what makes you take so much interest in them, mamma?"

"By learning early in life to look at them when at work. Once, when I was a little child, my father showed me a spider under a microscope—that is, a glass to magnify it—I saw it had eight bright little eyes, without lids, and eight feet with claws at the end of them, besides a number of other very wonderful things."

"But, mamma, whatever does such a little thing spin its web out of? It does not seem to have anything to work with."

"But it has! By the microscope we discover that it has a secretion by which it forms a very fine thread, and it is from this that the web is formed. You thus see, my dear, that man, with all his skill, is not able to equal that little thing there, which looks as if it were dead."

"But are they not considered dirty things, mamma?"

"Yes, by those who don't know what

they really are. A spider's web is at first white, but it soon gets soiled by the dust. This so annoys the spider that he beats it off the web with his foot. Sometimes he runs over the web, and then he proceeds to sweep the dust into little balls and throw it out of his home."

"Isn't it wonderful?"

"It is. But I have something even more wonderful than that to tell—the spider's love!"

"Love; how funny! But how did you get to know that, mamma?"

"A gentleman who watched their habits found out in this way. The eggs of a spider are contained in a sack of the size of a pea, which is fastened to its body. One day this gentleman threw a spider, with its sack, into the nest of a cruel insect called a lion ant, which hides itself in holes in the sand. The poor mother-spider tried to escape, but could not save its sack. She tried in vain to defend it. The hungry insect seized it. But rather than escape without her young, she remained and perished."

"That is more than some mothers would have done, I'm afraid," said Anne, "if they were in such danger. But have you been able to learn anything else about them?"

"Yes. I have read of many other curious things, and among them these. A lady one day placed a spider in a glass on her mantelpiece, so that she might watch its ways. She noticed, whenever she played on her harp, the spider came to the edge of the glass as if to listen more fully. Pelisson, it is said, when he was in prison had a spider which he called to him by music. Oliver Goldsmith also derived some delightful moments by watching the movements of a spider. King Robert Bruce of Scotland, also, as he lay awake in a barn to which he had fled from his enemies, saw a spider climbing up a beam to the roof. The spider fell, but tried again. It fell once more, but made a third attempt. Twelve times it tried and fell, but at the thirteenth succeeded in gaining the top. The King at once rose from his lowly bed, and said, 'This spider has taught me the value of perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times I have been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more.' He did, and won the day."

"Thank you, mamma," said Anne. "Whenever I am disposed to falter I will think of the spider, and of the wonderful skill and great wisdom of God who made it; and instead of shutting my eyes, and allowing silly thoughts to keep me ignorant, I will, like you, seek to learn lessons

from all things He has made, feeling sure it will be better thus to study God's works than to neglect or despise them."

"That is right, my dear, and you will then everywhere realize the value of PERSEVERANCE."

JOHN W. KIRTON, LL. D.

MOTHERS.

AN OLD-FASHIONED BIRTHDAY PARTY.

CHILDREN'S parties are too often artificial and formal repetitions of those of their elders, late hours, rich viands, and dancing making up the sum and substance of the entertainment. A wise mother who had seen enough of *blasé* childhood to make her heart ache, in planning a birthday party for her golden-haired daughter of six years, bravely decided to draw the lines that common sense would dictate, not alone for her own child, but as a quiet suggestion others might adopt. The first step was to send invitations neatly written on tiny cards, limiting the hours from four until eight. It was an innovation, but she relied upon her own brightness and originality in the way of games and entertainments to make the occasion a charming success. All the old games of her childhood, new to the little ones of to-day, and those the dear old grandmother could remember from her own past, were brought forward, delighting the little lads and lasses from their very newness and quaintness.

In the dining-room were arranged the low tables for supper, six in number, to correspond with the birthdays. Little chairs were hired from a neighboring kindergarten, for half the charm was to be in the child element pervading it all. Chairs, tables, and pretty tea-sets—even the forks and spoons—were under size. If chairs cannot be obtained, use boxes and boards over which bright covers and

brilliant-hued cushions can be adjusted. Six tables, and as many children at each, seated the thirty-six that had been invited. At one end of each table a little girl sat behind the cups and saucers, while on the table of the youthful hostess was the birthday cake, with its six tiny candles rising in their snowy whiteness from rose-colored sockets of pink tissue-paper, long strips of which, fringed and slightly curled over the scissors, were closely wrapped around the base of each candle. There was the fun, before the cake was cut, of each little one, even down to the baby, giving one blow to snuff out a light; that the wish, no matter if it were pearls and diamonds, would be a reality if the candle went out at a blow, every child more than half believed. Bright-colored favors were distributed at the cutting of the birthday cake, and the snap of the cracker, which is the "open sesame" to the paper conceit within, added vastly to the delight of the children as they decked themselves in apron, cap, and frill, presenting a fascinating and charming picture of rosy-cheeked, happy childhood.

It was grandma's game of "Comical Concert" that happily threw the children together, and left no room for the shyness and stiffness that appeared at the beginning. Chairs, a table or two, and drumsticks, or short broom-handles, are the only properties needed. The children stood in a circle, with mamma in the centre as leader of the orchestra. Each one is to imitate some instrument of music, and selects in turn which it shall

be. It is wise for the leader to have a list in her mind of the different instruments, and how to imitate them, in order to suggest when the players are not able either to choose a part or imitate the sound of that taken. The violin is given by holding out one arm and hand for the instrument, and moving the other as if drawing a bow across it; doubling up the two hands and putting them to the mouth imitates a horn; the table will serve for a piano, and the sticks provided will leave no question as to the drum; a chair makes a capital hand-organ, and it is easy for the voice to give the sound of the very worst grind that ever vexed a nervous ear. If the players outnumber the instruments that can be chosen, two players may select the same. A chime of bells will include several players, who should be grouped as closely as possible. The leader raises her baton as a signal to commence, and the more ridiculously the time is beaten, the greater the merriment. Suddenly, in the midst of the playing, the leader must stop, and looking at one of the performers, ask, "Why don't you play better?" The one addressed must instantly reply with an answer characteristic of her instrument; if not, she pays a forfeit. The one at the piano can say that one of the keys makes a discord; the harper, that the strings are loose, and so on. All rest while the reply is given or the forfeit paid, and then the playing is repeated. The question, to keep the game lively, should come suddenly and quickly.

"Ruth and Jacob" were next in order. For this the children form a circle by taking each the hand of its neighbor on either side, stretching and widening a little, then dropping hands and keeping the circle. One of the boys is blindfolded and placed in the centre; he represents Jacob, and Ruth, not blindfolded, is selected from the girls and placed near him. When all is ready, Jacob calls, "Where art thou, Ruth?" and she, disguising her voice as much as possible, replies, "Here I am, Jacob." The question and answer are repeated, until Ruth is

caught and her name guessed, when Jacob retires, and Ruth takes his place, while another child is brought in, who in turn disguises her voice and runs out and in the circle until captured.

"French Roll" is another amusing game from the days of our grandmothers, and it proved very attractive to the children at the birthday party. Mamma led the game by taking the place of the purchaser, while the children formed in line, one behind the other, the right hand of each grasping the sleeve of the one in front. The head of the line is the baker, and it matters little who it may be, as the position is a constantly changing one. Down at the other end is the roll, those between representing the oven. The purchaser, who stands a little apart, comes to the baker when all is ready and says, "Give me, please, my roll;" and the baker answers, "It is behind the oven." When the purchaser goes in search of it, the roll, dropping her hold of the child in front, runs up the opposite side of the line calling out, "Who runs? who runs?" and, making the best time she can, gets in front of the baker before the purchaser can catch her. If she succeeds, then she becomes baker, and the next in line the roll; if she is caught, however, she takes the place of purchaser, the latter becoming baker.

This happy birthday party was finished with "Lupin," a game so infectious that even the elders joined in. The game goes to piano-music. Each holds the hand of the one's right and left, and, dancing round in a circle, all sing:

"Here we dance Lupin, Lupin, Lupin,
Here we dance Lupin, Lupin, Lupin,
All of a Saturday night."

Then, turning half round, with the right hand extended toward the centre, varying the action with the words, but remaining in one place, the song proceeds:

"I put my right hand in,
I put my right hand out,
I shake my right hand, one, two, three,
And turn myself about."

HOME CIRCLE.

COUNTRY SHOPPING.

MRS. FLETCHER was a laborious little woman, living in a country neighborhood. Her sole recreation was an annual visit to her sister, who lived in the city of —. For months beforehand, she saved up her funds for this trip, which not only served to give her recreation, but afforded her a good opportunity for doing her shopping. Mrs. Fletcher was proverbially obliging and good-natured; in short, she was one of those persons who cannot say "No." When it was noised about in the neighborhood that she was about to start on her annual trip, memorandums came pouring in from all the neighbors, accompanied with the request that she would bring home the articles in her trunk.

"I should think your own shopping would amply fill your trunk, my dear," remarked Mr. Fletcher.

"Yes, I suppose it will," she admitted, reluctantly.

"Why don't you candidly tell your neighbors so?" he asked.

"Oh! I hate to be disobliging. Maybe I can crowd in the things, some way, or I can bring some of the parcels home in my hand."

"Well, I must say I think it is quixotic in you to go to so much trouble to save our neighbors twenty-five cents expressage. They are straightened in their circumstances, it is true, but they are not absolute paupers."

Arrived in the city, Mrs. Fletcher began on her round of shopping, and her memorandums were numerous enough to give quite an impetus to the trade of the town, but her friends seemed to have calculated the prices at wholesale rates, so their money gave out before their memorandums were filled, but as Mrs. Fletcher

had her money and theirs all mixed up together, she did not discover the deficit till she had filled out their memorandums partly with her own money. Nor was this all, for nearly every mail brought her fresh letters from the country, with perplexing and troublesome memorandums—difficult shades to be matched, impossible bargains to be obtained, etc., etc. Some of these letters were very much like the one Miss Grizzy (in Miss Ferrur's novel *Marriage*) wrote her niece, asking her to go to some dyer and see if she could get him to dye black velvet grass green. Several of these letters were unaccompanied by the money, the writers pleading the difficulty of getting a check, or paper money, in the country, and adding that if she would get the articles they would refund her the money on her return, losing sight of the fact that she would then have lost her golden opportunity of laying out her money. One correspondent inclosed her a dollar's worth of stamps, asking her to keep these for herself if she could not pass them, and supply a dollar in money in their place. At this the poor little woman nearly burst into tears, for she was a poor scribe, and ten stamps would have lasted her the year around.

"You remind me," said her sister, "of the advertisement of commission merchants: 'Orders from the country solicited, and attended to with promptitude and dispatch,' only you have no emoluments but the satisfaction of being called the most good-natured woman in the world, which I begin to think is not always a desirable reputation."

On the last day of Mrs. Fletcher's stay in town, just as she was starting out to buy some books she had long promised her children, the postman handed her a letter asking her please to buy and bring

with her a couple of glass pitchers in the new style, one rose colored, and the other amber, as a bridal present for a couple who were to be married the next day.

"I am so hurried," said the writer, "trying to send off this letter before you leave town, that I have not time to get a check, but I will refund you the money on sight."

There was no way to get these pitchers except by sacrificing the children's books, which Mrs. Fletcher had the weak good nature to do. That night she and her sister were up till past midnight, trying to pack away all the miscellaneous articles she had purchased in her trunk, but they so much overran this that she had to buy two large baskets in which to bestow the redundant articles. She had a most incongruous assortment of things, many of them difficult of transportation, and dangerous to any dry goods in their vicinity, ink, shoe polish, and liquid medicines. To pack up all this assortment was a task of the most perplexing nature.

Arrived at home, her first charge was to unload her pack, and try to classify the various articles belonging to different neighbors. But what was her consternation to find the rose-colored pitcher cracked, whilst the amber one had performed a sum in multiplication, having multiplied itself into a hundred pieces. A coffee mill, bought for another neighbor, had collided with the glass pitchers and wrought this havoc. Mrs. Fletcher had placed enough clothing between the two to prevent disaster, she thought, but a package of heavy books for a third neighbor had pressed on the coffee mill, and impelled it in the direction of the glass pitchers. This occurrence, which quite agonized Mrs. Fletcher, seemed to fill her husband with a grim satisfaction. With a scarcely concealed smile, he handed the broken bits of amber glass to the messenger who was sent to receive the bridal presents. In this apparently untoward occurrence he foresaw the emancipation of his wife. Nor was this the only calamity, for a bottle of muriatic acid broke in one of the baskets and destroyed a parcel of dry goods in its vicinity; and all of poor Mrs. Fletcher's past favors and safe carrying and fetching for her neighbors were forgotten in the vexation and annoyance produced by these accidents. But "it

is an ill wind that blows no one good." In consequence of these disasters, the neighbors concluded that they would thereafter intrust their packages to professional packers and expressmen, as their attempts to get their things in a roundabout way had entailed such loss and annoyance on them, and from that time forward, Mrs. Fletcher was able to enjoy free and untrammelled visits to the city.

"MADEL."

A CURE FOR THE "BLUES."

THE surest remedy for any one afflicted with this miserable disease is work in the flower-garden. No one can work out in the pure air, with growing plants, and sweet-smelling, blooming flowers, but must feel joyously glad that they live on this pleasant footstool of God. In the earliest spring my most happy hours are spent with my darling little boys, out in the garden, planting the flower-beds, and later on transplanting the little seedlings to the open border. There is an education gotten here which can be had in no other school in the broad land, and mamma, while deftly using the trowel and small hoe, endeavors to implant also in these young minds that love for the beautiful and true which will go with them through all their after lives. The innocent chatter, of this plant and that, is worth much medicine, and nowhere does both old and young feel so care free as out in God's brightest sunlight, working among these beautiful creations of His own hand, which He tends always with such infinite love and care. Then don't stay within those dark rooms and brood over some imaginary trouble, but come into the garden and fling dull care to the winds; first have a romp with the little ones, and then work for awhile, with them to assist. Nothing pleases the darlings better than to know they can help you, and you will soon forget the "blues" in watching these little sprites, merry at their work. A pretty rockery which "my boys" and I made one pleasant spring morning I will tell you of, "an' if it suit you," do likewise.

A large nail-keg was set on top of the ground in a rather shaded spot; in fact, it was "a place where there wasn't much of anything pretty around," as Brown-eyes

remarked, when we selected the spot. This keg was filled full of the richest soil from the barn-yard; several wheelbarrow loads were put all around the keg on the outside; that is, it was put there gradually, intermingling it with beautiful specimens of rock and shell; the soil was deftly mixed in and around each rock plentifully, so that there would be sufficient to nourish the plants I intended to put into each interstice. It was built up pyramid like, and when done, Brown-eyes said, "O mamma! it's pretty *wivout* the fowers." The specimens were some I had collected at different times and places. But the "fowers" were indispensable, I thought, and so did he later on. In the centre of the top I planted a large *Farfugium*, or Leopard plant; its beautiful spotted, leathery leaves were really ornamental; and then, here and there, and everywhere, over the whole, I tucked in trailers of all kinds—sweet, dainty little *Kenilworth Ivy*, and *Thunbergias* in a variety of colors. This is one of the very prettiest trailers for rockwork I know of, and it grows so readily from seed and is so cheap that any one may have it in great abundance. Then *Creeping Charlie*, *Moneywort*, blue *Lobelia*, and many other hardy vines; some I have always been unable to name, or find description of in any botany I have. The effect of this arrangement, which the little ones and I called our rockery, was really delightful, and all summer long was admired and praised by all. During the dry months it was copiously watered at night, which kept it always looking fresh, and everything in fine growing condition. Then I think the old keg and the rocks retained the moisture well. There was not a minute, while working and planning this bit of greenery, for morbid fancies or unhappy thoughts, and whenever the eyes have rested upon it, the mind is filled with longings for more such beautiful things and more such sweet, delightful days.

And we have had them, the brown-eyed boys and I. We grow strong, healthy, and brown, too, perhaps, but through our garden recreations we have effectually chased the "blues" from "Maplewood," and the flowers we have for everybody and everything, from the church festival down to the nosegay given

to the poor little barefoot girl, who has not a square foot of ground in which to raise them, is wonderful.

HYACINTH.

A JUNE OUTING.

"If you would put your heart in sweet attune,
Take a journey in the middle of June."

THE "journey" need not be a long one either, for

"He who wanders widest lifts
No more of beauty's jealous veil
Than he who from his doorway sees
The miracle of flowers and trees."

To eyes and hearts that are "holden" there is restful beauty everywhere.

I had grown a little weary of the stress and strain of daily toil and wanted to draw my breath once more freely and full, with no thought of the three meals a day, the endless making of beds and washing of dishes to vex me, so the good man planned a little outing and we went away to town for a few days' visit with our good friends there. We were not "made company of" and tucked away in prim parlors, but were taken right into the home life as one of the family and no "fuss" made, and this added much to the pleasantness and enjoyment of our visit. We read and talked and visited to our heart's content. We had delightful rides all around the town and saw all the pretty places. We met many old friends and some new ones, and one afternoon we went to a "mother's meeting," the rarest treat of all. I have often read of these meetings, but it never came in my way to take part in one before, so this was one of the "blessed first times" which leaves such a lasting impression on our memory and from which we are constantly drawing inspiration which refreshes and rests us like draughts of sparkling water from cool wayside wells. Every day I feel it was good to have been there.

Our meeting began with the reading of St. Paul's beautiful lesson on charity, followed by an earnest prayer for wisdom and guidance, and then came the "Question Box," into which whoever wanted to had dropped a question. These were taken out one at a time, read, and discussed. Some of them were very suggestive and could not but awaken thought.

Let me give you a few: "What do you consider the best punishment for children?" This was talked over for some time, but the conclusion was that there could be no particular rule laid down, as the nature of the offense and the disposition of the child to be punished must always be taken into account.

"What is the age of consent in this State and what is the meaning of it?" But few seemed to know anything about this, yet surely it is a question which parents should understand. "What can we do to suppress impure literature?" "Shall we allow our young and growing daughters to wear corsets?" "Shall we bandage our babies?" "Do children who are gladly and lovingly nurtured *before birth* become willful murderers?" This brought out much talk, and one mother, an experienced nurse and given to observation, told us of the great difference she had noticed between the children who were lovingly borne and welcomed and those who came unwelcome, their very existence begrudged them, and little care taken that all should be well with them. No thinking mother could doubt the truth of what she said or help but feel the great responsibility resting upon her in regard to the pre-natal influences surrounding her child. Another question closely related to this was, "What are the most important periods in child life?" Some put it at one age and some at another, but one asked, "What would you say to its being the nine months before its birth?" This was a new thought to some, yet ere we finished talking, many must have felt the sacred beauty and importance of that time when the mother works with God in the creating of a new life. Oh! yes, it was good to have been there! I heard one enthusiastic woman, in telling her husband of the meeting afterward, say, "Why, Charlie, it made me sorry for you that you are a *man* and can never be a *mother*!"

One mother gave us an illustration of the power of example when, in talking over the question, "How shall we amuse our children on the Sabbath?" she told us of what her little boy said. It was the Sunday before the meeting, when, looking out of the window, she saw her boy on the sidewalk with his velocipede. "Why, Frank!" she called, "put that right away.

You must not ride on it to-day." The little fellow's eyes filled with tears at this sudden checking of his pleasure, and he answered back, "Mamma, if it is *worser* for me to ride on Sunday, it is *worser* for Mr. Smith," naming a minister who had just ridden by on his bicycle. Ah, but little eyes are watchful and little thoughts strike straight to the mark! What mattered it to little Frank that Mr. Smith was riding out to a country school-house to hold a meeting? He only saw that he was riding a bicycle while "mamma" forbid his doing so, and how could he think otherwise than that it was "worser for Mr. Smith"?

Another told us of her *Hygienic Cook-book*, and the good results obtained in her family by following its recipes, and still another proud mother exhibited her baby, telling how "he had never worn bands of any kind since he was five days old," all the little skirts being made with loosely buttoned waists, "and see how strong and well-developed and how happy and comfortable he is!" she said, and surely it was "living proof" of the wisdom of her ways. But I must not weary you with even so interesting a subject as a "mothers' meeting," yet I want to say to every mother, if the opportunity is given you do not fail to attend their meetings, and, O mothers! magnify your office and let the sacred fires of love set your hearts all aglow!

The few days we had planned for our "outing" were soon over, and we, rested and satisfied, were glad to be going home again. We took home with us two dear little girls for a week's visit on the ranch, and in watching them as they ran and played about the house, and gathered flowers from the broad prairies, in listening to their wise child prattle, our holiday was continued. How sweet and winsome they were! and how restful! Often I caught myself humming over Jean Ingelow's dainty thought as I looked at them:

"Take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God."

They seemed the very personation of joy

and gladness, and we could well say,
"Grace to God!" over their sunny heads.

Their week with us will be one of the bright spots we shall like to recall when, by and by, we look back upon the summer, and we shall work more gladly throughout the year because of our little "outing."

EARNEST.

A CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

HUNDREDS of years ago, when Jersey was an unexplored country, a young holly tree started out in life, with many others of its kind, to form a colony on one of the beautiful islands that fringe "the sea girt coast."

It had a great variety of trees for neighbors, who were bent upon making this the most wonderful wildwood in the world, so it is now called Wildwood Beach, a delightful summer resort.

But this particular tree took a sudden fancy after it reached the surface to divide and form two bodies, so each division struck out for itself in a very enterprising way and grew vigorously.

About that time a saucy young cedar, taking a fancy to the same location, planted itself directly between the two, and grew, as straight as it knew how to grow, up between the astonished hollies.

As the years passed on, it kept pace with its neighbors and held its own, as only a tough old cedar will, crowding right and left, spreading its strong arms out toward the broad, blue ocean, and, indeed, wherever it wished, and when the sturdy hollies stood in its way, and would not budge, it forced its strong limbs through their bodies, and like monster grafts grew right along, as regardless of the rights of others as many of the human species are to-day, and only seemed to say, "What are you going to do about it?"

But the hollies were not disposed to quarrel; they simply endured, and the three lived very amicably together side by side like triplets, all seemingly from one body, yet joined together above like the Siamese twins.

And there they stand to-day. Towering far above all others, the three lock arms and proudly defy the elements.

EULA LEE.

TO AN OLD WEDDING-DRESS.

SOMEWHAT too full in skirt, you say,
To suit the style that now holds sway.
All that may be—but in the day

That memory treasures,
When through the homestead's antique
halls

Its gentle frou-frou kissed the walls,
"Twas *a la mode*. Its cut recalls
Some old time pleasures.

Though yellowed now, 'twas once the pride
Of stalwart groom and blushing bride,
While wedding guests on every side—

A gracious duty—
Praised loudly the becoming dress,
Remarked the maiden's loveliness,
And, passing on among the press,
Talked of her beauty.

Drawn from the fragrant cedar chest,
Where, softly smoothed and gently pressed,
Its silken folds have lain at rest,

What wonder is it
That it should prattle secrets old,
From blabbing plait to wine stained fold,
And with romances now twice told
Repay our visit?

DANIEL CHAUNCEY BREWER.

HOME HINTS.

WE live miles away from any large city with its benevolent workers, and no real destitute lived near us. One of us, an invalid for months, anxious to be of some use, conceived a plan by which her few neighbors might with herself lessen the wants of some poor.

Money was not plentiful; great expense must be met that sickness brought. And what they did must be done by another channel. Each family searched the closets for half-worn garments, discarded by some of its members for trifling fault, but easily remedied to fit a different form. When everything that could be utilized and could be spared was collected, one afternoon in every week was spent at the invalid's room, where all the clothes from each house had previously been taken, and there the mending and remodeling were accomplished; dresses with worn out sleeves were furnished with new ones; children's outgrown clothes were brushed and

mended; if a button was missing, it was replaced by another; if some garments were very badly worn, two would be combined. In this way nothing was wasted. Old coats were cut down to cloaks for children. Flannel shirts were made into others smaller, and of anything whatever it seemed the most suitable for that particular garment was made. Old bedding, worn but still warm, was brought in. Everything was made clean and whole. Had some city sister seen this collection of queer-styled and many colored garments they might have smiled at such a box being sent to the fashionable city for distribution. They need not, however. Those warm but homely clothes were not destined for the fashionable city, but one Christmas morn at the Ladies' Benevolent Home in a far away city the box was received from the express office. It would have amply repaid any one to have been there. We, of course, were present only in mind, but the kind matron of the Home wrote us how gladly everything was received and how blessings were poured upon the unknown ladies for such comforts.

We shall pass through this world but once. If there be any kindness we can show or any good we can do to our fellow-beings, let us do it now, for we shall not pass this way again.

Mary told us of a friend who had cancer of the breast, and how she cured it by white oak bark. Said she took several pounds of the bark (the number was not designated) but ten would do; put it into a large, iron kettle such as is used for making soap; fill with water. Then it was boiled for several days or until there was only about a quart of liquid left. This was exceedingly strong. Cloths saturated in it were kept constantly upon the cancer until it ate out the terrible sore. New skin was then allowed to grow.

How many mothers of the HOME can

tell the exact number of dollies the little girl has had? You go to the toy store, tell the shop man you want a doll that will not break. He places one before you that he says will last for years; it is called indestructible. You purchase that one. When Miss Dollie has been used a few times and is perhaps dining out, an unfortunate move of the little mistress shakes the "indestructible" and out falls an eye, or the first few times her bangs are rolled up the whole wig rolls off in sympathy. The Bisque doll no doubt is the doll for those whose purse has no terminus, but for general purpose the old-fashioned china doll has proved the most substantial. Such a one has been in our family over twenty years. Every baby in the neighborhood has played with it. When a new china doll has been bought, before sewing the head upon the body, stuff the head solid with old rags. This will prevent the head from jarring so much when coming in contact with a hard substance.

Discard the wire hair brush, as the dandruff it causes will annoy more than the extra trouble of using the celluloid comb. Never use a fine-tooth comb to remove dandruff, but oil the scalp with olive oil, then in a day or two wash the head with white coca soap.

We had the misfortune to break a large glass jar filled with jelly. All the glass was picked out that was discernible, but when we tasted we invariably found small slivers of it. To remedy, the jelly was reboiled and strained again, and now it is as at first.

An excellent recipe from a Southern home to cook Hubbard squash is as follows: Cut the squash in half, clean out the seeds, sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt over it, then spread a tablespoonful of butter on, and on top of this a dessert-spoon of sugar. Set in the oven and bake until quite done. Then set the shell upon a dish. Serve with a spoon.

RUTH CHASE M'PHERSON.

YOUNG LADIES.

BETTY GRAHAM'S GUEST CHAMBER.

"GOOD-AFTERNOON to you! Why do you sit moping in the house this bright day? Suppose we go out for a call or a walk, as sunny days are not so plenty this winter that we should be unmindful of them when they do come."

The speaker, a neatly but plainly dressed girl of sixteen, not a pretty, but bright-faced maiden, entered the room where Betty Graham sat in sullen discontent upon the stool of do nothing.

"No, thank you, Grace, I do not care either to walk or call anywhere; I feel too dismal."

"Well, since you will not give the bright sunlight a chance to dispel your gloom, I will remove my hat, take out my crochet work, and constitute myself your sister confessor, confidential adviser, or anything you please to call me," and the young lady began to crochet most energetically upon some dainty, fleecy, pretty garment.

"See, Betty, isn't this old gold and pale blue lovely? I must work hard to have it ready for mother's birthday."

"I do not see how you can indulge in so many pretty things, Gracie; your room is full of them. You dress as well, perhaps better than any of the girls in our set—yes, better than Florrie Flournoy, whose father is rich enough to get her everything she wants, yet she never looks nicer than you do. Your father makes no more money than mine, and I never have anything respectable; just look at this shabby room."

Truly, Betty's room did not look very pretty or tidy, while Betty herself did not present a more attractive appearance.

"You can see how shabby our things are; I feel ashamed for the girls to come

here. I am looking for Lola Houston from New Orleans here during the holidays. I want so much to see her, yet dread her coming. She has a beautiful home, furnished with such expensive things. Now you know why I am so worried this afternoon. Father said he could spare me very little money, and we need, oh! everything, to make a decent appearance."

"Betty, it seems to me you might help matters if you tried hard enough."

"I, Gracie? What can I do?" asked Betty, in surprise.

"You might commence upon this room; of course, you will want Lola's bed-room to look inviting."

"It needs rejuvenating badly enough, but where am I to get a new carpet, chairs, a bed-room set, and all the toilet accessories? Tell me that, please, Gracie."

"Well," said the little lady, with a wise nod, and rolling up her gay wools, "suppose we survey a bit, and find out our resources and our needs before we begin interior decorations? Suppose we have a blue room? it sounds well, and hope will look so."

"First, the wall is good, plastering not broken, but very dingy and smoked. A little whitewash, with ultra marine in it, will remedy that. As the ceiling is low, we can put it on ourselves; cost of lime and ultra marine, trifling."

"Second, window-shades must come. Six yards of blue silesia cut out in deep scrolls, edged with trimmings of blue zephyr, cost not more than ten cents, fastened to the window with a lath painted blue, will look well. At the south window you must have a small stand of flowers; paint an old powder keg blue to hold that ivy, and train it around the window-casing. Your

white and yellow chrysanthemums must go there too, and an old wash-pail painted blue, filled with common ground ivy, will make a hanging-basket.

"Third, the floor; I should paint it a dark Prussian blue. I can show you how to mix the paint; you can do it yourself.

"For rugs to match, take either woolen or cotton rags, tear in narrow strips, crochet with a large hook—I will lend you mine—either oval, round, or square, then finish with a fringe tied around the edge of the cut rags. Ten cents will get dye sufficient for a quantity of rags.

"Chairs, one old cane-seat rocker, minus arms, two hickory splints, one old-style wood-chair; perhaps it was great-great-grandmother's old arm-chair. How very fond of discomfort our ancestors must have been!

"In your piece bags and boxes, and among your discarded wardrobe, I find an old gray cloth basque, quite a veteran; it has served its time, and deserves an honorable discharge; the wrong side bright as new; next a navy blue cape that has been through much service, an old shawl with bright stripes of old gold and blue, also a blue empress cloth dress, very much faded on right side, but fresh on the wrong.

"Now I should piece patchwork cushions of gray and blue in large squares set diamond wise; for the arm-chairs this stripe and blue empress cloth will combine beautifully and make the covers.

"An old comfort or piece of carpet will wad it comfortably—there, I meant no pun; then tack it on smoothly, cover with patchwork, blue stripe and cloth; brass or china headed tacks will finish it prettily. For a washstand, the old-time box will have to answer; cover it with white or blue oil-cloth. You want two footstools. Everybody knows how to make them. Soap boxes, the fancy stripe and empress cloth, will make handsome ones.

Now for pictures: You haven't any, to begin with. You can get four of the wooden lids that come with tobacco buckets. I covered one with cream-tinted, unruled writing-paper. It took four sheets. I hid the joining together with tiny bars of gilt paper, placed in the centre a crimson rose cut from a floral advertisement; it was too pretty to be laid away. Another lid was papered with

pale blue wall-paper, bars of gilt, and for ornament the yellow rose; the pink one went with light fawn color. For the last, I had pink paper sprinkled with small gilt stars and used the white rose. Hung them up with crocheted cords and balls to match in shade the roses.

"For boxes to hold shoes, brushes, and combs, cover the outside with blue paper cambric, paper the inside.

"All this will not cost more than two dollars, leaving a margin for the zephyrs, cardboard, and canvas.

"Oh! yes; for wall-pockets, letter-cases, bend large squares of pasteboard into the shape desired, punch holes in the edges, tie them together with cord, and loops to hang up by. Save up your scraps of cotton twine that come around bundles, dip them in the blue dye; they crochet into pretty trimmings.

"Your wardrobe is shabby, you say. This silk laid by as worn out, and the blue cashmere, will make a neat and pretty walking jacket and skirt. Wash out the linings, starch them stiffly, then iron smoothly; old linings can be used two or more times. For hat, Prussian blue velvet, sixty cents per yard, will cover it; also trim it nice enough; this ostrich tip will be all you need. I will help you with it. Your cream lace mitts are soiled past redemption; then dip them in blue dye. Your old lace, muslin, and mull ties can be mended, dipped in cold tea, not coffee; the latter makes it black and greasy looking. I freshen up old white java and honeycomb canvas by so creaming it in strong tea. I really must leave now, but expect me early to-morrow morning to give you your first lessons in calcimining, painting floors, handling paste pot; prepare to roll up your sleeves, my lady."

"How wise you are, Gracie! who made you such a scrap book and knowledge box?"

"Mother taught me, of course, but then I try to use my eyes and perceptive faculties. Isn't it wonderful, Betty, how much one head can contain," said Gracie, as she ran off, laughing.

For two weeks Grace and Betty chattered like two blue jays, ran here and there; tongues, hands, and feet were equally busy. Mrs. Graham heard of nothing but window-shades, wall-paper, letter-cases, "How do you like this ar-

rangement?" or, "It would look handsomer this way, Betty."

During the holidays Lola Houston came, and was received by Betty in her braw blue dress, neatly and prettily made from the old silk and cashmere.

"I cannot understand," said Lola Houston, the very pink of order and neatness herself, "how I came to be so mistaken in Betty Graham. When we were at school together I used to think her extremely careless and untidy, so much so as to almost be repulsive, yet I find her so neat and tastefully dressed; this room is dainty and pretty. It is not like the Betty of one year since."

Mrs. Graham was one of the class of women that charitably disposed persons term "easy, good-natured," and energetic but more waspish souls call lazy. At any rate, the good lady's easy ways came near spoiling the making of a bright, energetic woman in her young daughter, who, I regret to state, sometimes even now relaxes into her old indolent ways. The habits of a lifetime, be it short or long, are not easily corrected.

"Ah, ha!" said bright-eyed Lola Houston at the close of her two weeks' visit in the West, "I have found out the good genius in this household. It is not madam, the mother, who has so improved Betty, it's that little Miss Gracie Hollister that has showed her the better way; but I must go to sleep, as I must be up early, so as to be ready for papa when he calls for me. Only a short time now before I see mamma and Rex, so good-night, old silver moon."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

A CHAPTER OF "DON'TS."

MY DEAR GIRLS:—There are many little things that it is requisite to know and to observe in our conduct of life; and these are much more easily learned and gracefully practiced if acquired during the years of childhood and youth. The foundations of character in gentlemen and gentlewomen must lie in earnestness, considerateness, truth, and sincerity. But there are many little things the observance or non-observance of which make pleasing or mar sadly the manner of individuals. Therefore I send you a partial list of "don'ts," with many

of which you may doubtless be familiar, but all of which you should know and practice.

Don't, when talking with others, ask questions relating to private or personal matters. You may by your manner evince a readiness to receive confidence, if it be desired to give it, but you should never try to force it. If any one has trusted you, I hope you would not be so base as betray the trust, even when the confidence was reposed in you unsought and unconditioned.

Don't indulge in fault-finding, in intemperate language, or in intemperate argument. (The best place to practice is always at home.)

Don't speak of anyone as "that party," or indicate a person by jerking the thumb or head, or any part of the body, or by pointing.

Don't be absent-minded when with others. Make it your study to be aware of what is going on, to be ready to participate, and to add, with willing mind, your part toward the entertainment, pleasure, or comfort of those about you.

Don't giggle or stare or whisper.

Don't indulge in scandal.

Don't forget that others may possibly know as much as, if not more, than yourselves; and in any case cultivate modesty of deportment and demeanor.

Speak frankly and truthfully when it is right for you to do so; but avoid tendering officious advice or being unpleasantly positive in the expression of your opinions. Be careful also to offer what you think as being your thought, and not as an established fact.

Don't be boastful or egotistic, and be careful not to talk much of things of which you are ignorant.

Don't flatter or allow yourselves to be flattered. Flattery is much used by insincere persons who wish thus to compass ends which might not be so easily attainable by more honest methods. Remember that praise and flattery are widely different. "Flattery is offensive to any person of delicacy and refinement of feeling."

Don't appear to notice any failure of others in grammatical construction or in pronunciation or manner. Let your own manner be quiet and composed, and treat others with a respectful deference.

Repose in movement and manner are evidences of good-breeding.

Considerateness, a quickness to perceive and understand the feelings and characters of those about one, and the wish to contribute to their pleasure and well-being, are among the most essential elements of delightful and helpful social or home intercourse. Selfishness and self-seeking are "little foxes" that will surely spoil and destroy any vine against which their piercing teeth are laid.

Notice when those about you are ill or suffering, or ill at ease. If the latter, strive to render them comfortable by a manner which is at once thoughtfully sympathetic and appreciative. If the former, remember that there is no proof of good-will more kindly prompted or more gratefully received than that of easily detecting uncomplained of indisposition. We might almost single out this faculty as the surest test of love. What can convince us more effectually that we are in a world of strangers than to be pressed on every hand to do what our strength is unequal to. How welcome is the gentle whisper which assures us that one watchful eye perceives our suffering, and one sympathetic heart cares for our weakness and distress. The gentle sympathy thus shown is one of the most precious gifts which it lies in our power to give or to receive. It is not enough for us to know that we have the power to supply all our personal wants; it is essential to any comfortable living to know that there is about us faithful, untiring love. Nowhere should this consideration be so cultivated and cherished as at home.

Indeed, all the regulations which may help one to appear well in society should be sedulously practiced at home, and observed as faithfully when "there is nobody by to see" as when in the presence of "company."

True refinement always manifests itself

in every movement and action of life. In nothing, perhaps, is it more noticeable than in eating. I cannot think it necessary to dwell upon certain small—but "speaking"—observances at table, such as the total avoidance of all "mussiness" and of all greediness, the desire to secure for one's self the best pieces and the largest share. One's own spoon, knife, or fork should never be put into any general dish; and it would be unpardonable to use one's own utensils in serving another. Fingers, too, have their excellent and indispensable uses, but they should be closely guarded against any lapses at the table.

Guests should, of course, be served first, and served well; and during the meal care should be taken to see that they are well supplied. An unexpected guest would always gladly accommodate themselves to the circumstance of their unexpectedness; and it is only necessary to make such an one feel that you are glad to share just what you have with them to prove yourselves possessed of genuine hospitality.

Don't under any circumstances stoop to the dishonor and dishonesty of false pretenses, of trying to make things appear other than they are. Cultivate a habit of considerate thoughtfulness and helpfulness, and unselfish desire to contribute to the comfort and well-being of others, instead of seeking to exact all pleasure and attention and delights for yourselves; you will thus be cultivating a spirit which will be constantly developing within you the ways of true and gentle courtesy.

Don't add yourselves to those who think they can win all that is necessary to win by hypocrisy or flattery, or by putting on "company manners" with company dresses. Try to be always, every moment of your lives, everything that you would, at your highest and best, desire to appear to be.

AUNTIE.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on all subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME OF "BROWNIE'S" IDEAS.

DEAR "HOME" SISTERS:—"Dorothea's" letter, in March number, made me feel that I would like to have her for a real friend; such pleasant, sensible talks cannot fail to do good. I don't want to preach, but the articles about little children in our Magazine make me feel as if I must add my mite. Dear mothers and home-keepers, let me beg you to teach your little ones that there is a loving Heavenly Father, who knows everything. Do not make them fear Him, or tell them God does not love them when they are naughty. Rather let them understand that everything which is wrong grieves Him, and that all good things are sent by Him. Teach them that no trouble is too small to "tell Jesus" of. Remember their childish griefs are as actual to them as the cares of real life are to us.

I remember a dear little boy whose mother would tell him: "You are a bad boy, and God won't love you if you do so." After awhile this grew to be an old story to him, and one day he replied, "I don't care. I don't want to go to your old Heaven, anyway!"

You may think your little ones are too young to understand such things; but the small seeds planted in the little brain will grow with the child's growth until its heart will be so full of love and reverence

for the dear Father that the desire to tell again the "old, sweet story" of His goodness will be spontaneous. Sunday-schools do much to lead the children in the right way, but one day out of seven is not enough. Little ones will forget from one Sabbath to another what they have learned, and, no matter how good the teachers may be, nor how much their hearts are in the work, the best things of our lives take root in the heart because "mamma said so."

Don't teach the dear ones that death is a horrible thing, nor tell them dreadful stories of fire and torment. All these things will come to their hearing quick enough. Leave them out of the baby's education. Teach the little ones that "God is love;" they will come to Him so fully and freely that there will be no need of a "revival" to bring them to Christ. Above all things, teach them that everything pertaining to religion is sacred, no matter what church they may happen to go to, or whether they are white or black. So long as they are the King's children, they are equally good in the eyes of the King.

Teach the children the meaning of the Communion, or "Lord's Supper." Do not allow them to speak lightly of it. All these things are small in themselves, but what mistakes a knowledge of them would save in after life! Only a week ago a married woman came to me after church, Sabbath morning, and said: "This morning (Easter) in church all the people knelt down and ate and drank something, and I did, too. Was it wrong?" Only think of such an incident being really true in this land of religious light and freedom! Yet this girl (for she is scarcely more than a child, though married), has gone to Sunday-school time after time. Who is in fault? I say, the

mother. Are such women fit for wives and mothers? Who may judge? We dare not; yet I think we might try still harder to teach the little ones under our care, so that in time they may in turn teach others.

I wish some of the mothers and sisters who read the "HOME" MAGAZINE would write their ideas of such things. I am sure the editor will let us have a corner. I have read and re-read *Gates Ajar*, by Miss Phelps, and would like to know what some of the other readers think of it. Is it not easier to tell of Heaven as she pictures it to the children, than to think of it (after the expression of a dear friend) as "a place we would go to, simply because the Bible said we would"? Please let us have all the ideas we can.

BROWNIE.

SOME WAYS FOR COOKING OATMEAL.

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—Being a temporary subscriber to the dear old "HOME" MAGAZINE, I would like to join the sisterhood for the same space of time, if one so far south can be admitted into the charmed circle. Sister Minta, in the April number, asks for some different ways of cooking oatmeal. Now, as I am so fortunate as to possess some Scotch recipes, I will send some:

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Take eight ounces of beef suet, eight ounces of oatmeal, and a small piece of onion shredded very fine. Over these sprinkle a little salt and black pepper, as much as will season them properly. Mix thoroughly, without water, and tie up hard in a cloth. Boil one and one-half hours slowly in an open vessel, keeping the pudding always under water, which must be boiling when it is put in.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—To make really good "The halesome porridge, chief of Scotia's food," the water should always have come to the boiling point before the meal is put in. Then the meal should be poured regularly in from the hand in a continuous stream, stirring the water all the time. Allow the porridge to boil ten minutes, stirring frequently, and then put in the salt, afterward boiling another ten minutes; when, if you have managed

properly, you will have a "dainty dish to set before a king."

If these recipes are at all acceptable, I have several others which I can give.

JULIA A. WALKER.

[Do so, please. We trust that "temporary subscription" may be renewed indefinitely, and that you will long remain a member of our "HOME" band.]

DEAR EDITOR:—I inclose for "Sister Minta's" benefit some recipes for cooking with oatmeal:

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Three cups of oatmeal, one cup of warm water, two cups of sugar, one cup of shortening (lard and butter, half and half), one-half teaspoon each of salt and soda. Mix the oatmeal and sugar, rub in the shortening, add the water in which the soda has been dissolved, then flour to roll.

OATMEAL BREAD.—Make a porridge of fine oatmeal, just as you would for the table. When cooled to the warmth of new milk, add yeast and a little salt and molasses, and as much white flour as will knead it into bread, using no other wetting. Let it rise till light, then make into loaves and let rise again, following directions given for yeast bread. A slower oven is required than for common flour bread made with yeast. For a quart of water, to begin with, I take two-thirds cup of yeast and one-half cup of molasses.

Some yeast is livelier than other, and judgment must be used.

A. N. H.

"HOME" RECIPES.

DEAR "HOME":—May I enter your circle and add my mite? There are many things I would like to say about the dear "HOME" MAGAZINE, but will only tell you that it has come to my home every month for thirteen years and, truly, is a most welcome visitor. No other publication can take its place, and I wish every tired, care-worn mother in this great land of ours could be cheered by it. I hold it among my best treasures, and have taken so much comfort and been so benefited by the good recipes and "notes" in the household department that I would like to send something in return which may

help some young housekeeper. Accordingly, I inclose three thoroughly tested recipes:

LEMON PIE.—Two-thirds cup of sugar, one lemon, two eggs, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one cup of boiling water, butter the size of a walnut. I take a bowl, put in eggs, sugar, and butter, grating in also the rind (just the yellow) of the lemon. Then squeeze all the juice of the lemon out in a teacup, so it will be easy to remove the seeds; this done, turn the juice in the bowl with the other ingredients, put the tablespoonful of corn-starch in the teacup, wet with a very little cold water, then fill the cup with boiling water and add to the rest, stirring well. Have ready a nice, rich crust on a deep pie tin, put in the contents of the bowl, wet the edges of the lower crust, put on top crust, and bake in a moderate oven. If preferred, it can be baked with only one crust and a frosting, made of whites of two eggs and four tablespoonfuls of sugar, well beaten, spread over the top of the pie (after it is baked) and placed in the oven a few minutes to brown. This recipe I have used ever since I began to keep house. It is easy and always good.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup of sugar, one egg; beat both well together; three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, one-half nutmeg, grated, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a little hot water, one small quart of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Fry in hot lard. I never knew this recipe to fail, and the cakes are always good, and not so rich that they cannot be eaten by the little ones.

BREAD CAKE.—Two cups of dough, two cups of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of butter or lard, two-thirds teaspoon of saleratus, two teaspoons of ground cinnamon, one teaspoon of ground cloves, one-half nutmeg, grated, one large cup of raisins, chopped fine, one tablespoon of flour. The two cups of dough are to be taken from the bread dough when ready to make in loaves. Stir all the ingredients except the dough together in a large pan, sprinkling the spoonful of flour over the raisins, rubbing well and adding the last thing. Stir well, then add the two cups of dough, work all with the hands until it is smooth and soft, put in a but-

tered pan, let rise two hours in a warm place, then bake one hour in a moderate oven. We think this better than rich fruit cake, and the longer you keep it, in a cool place, the nicer it is.

AUNT MOLLIE.

[You need not be at all "afraid to come again." We shall be glad to hear from you often.]

COMPOSITION CAKE.—One pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, three eggs, one-half pint of sweet milk, one-half teaspoon of soda, one nutmeg, grated, one teaspoon ground cloves, one pound of fruit. Reserving the white of one egg will make no perceptible difference, and will frost the cake. A little corn-starch, added to icing, will make it harden much quicker.

MARION.

[Thank you for the nut-cake recipe, of which we have already published several, however. Thanks for generous responses to "Sister Martha's" request are also due "Aunt Laura," Mary L. P., Mrs. H. W. B., and others.]

DEAR "HOME:"—"A New Reader" asks how to make pie-crust tender but not too "lardy." I will tell her how I make mine. With a quart of flour sift thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Crust made in this way requires much less lard and is tender. I prepare my own baking powder in this way: Six ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces of carbonate of soda, and three pints of flour, all well sifted together. I, too, am a new reader, having commenced by subscribing for three months. This satisfied me that I wanted to see more of the Magazine. The housekeeping department is the first to be cut open.

AUNTIE.

"ONE, TWO, THREE" PIE-CRUST.—One cup of water, two cups of butter, three cups of flour. Rub the butter into the flour until it becomes like bread-crumbs, then pour in the ice-cold water all at once, stirring or mixing with a knife. When it will leave the bowl in a lump, handle as little as possible and roll out quickly. We make three large pies with this much paste. This recipe never

fails us, is tender and true, and never "lardy," as good butter only is used.

L. F. MC'L. M.

[Thank you for your kindly personal letter, which we heartily appreciate, also for the cake recipe. It will be used next month, and we hope to have others from you.]

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.—Here is a recipe for jelly roll cake for Hitty H.: Three eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of sweet milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one-fourth teaspoonful salt; flavor to taste. Bake in two ordinary square tins, in a quick oven, being careful not to bake too much. As soon as done, turn out on a cloth, spread quickly with jelly, and roll. Set to cool, well wrapped with the cloth.

Nearly every housewife has a number of boxes for odds and ends stowed away somewhere, and they are ugly things to handle. Just take some of your husband's old boots, cut the best of the leather into strips of a convenient length and width, and nail them on your boxes with small nails, after the fashion of trunk handles. You can lift a box twice as easy when you have a handle on it. A soap-box, cleaned and fitted with a lid, makes a nice box for keeping bread and cake. Nail handles on that, too, of course.

E. L.

DEAR EDITOR:—I think if R. K. D. would put her apple dumplings in a pudding dish, with plenty of sugar, butter, and water, and bake them, she would find them more healthy. Boiled or steamed dough so soon becomes sodden. I would say to "Farmer's Wife" that her oven being too hot causes the surface of her cake to bake before it has risen sufficiently. I find it quite an advantage in baking cake to set a dish of water in the oven. The steam prevents burning and breaking.

AUNT LAURA.

[Tested recipes are always "in order," and we thank you for your kind proposition to send them.]

CROCHETED SHOULDER CAPE.

DEAR EDITOR:—In answer to "A Subscriber," who asks for such in the May "Notes," I inclose the directions by which

I have just completed a very pretty shoulder cape. Will tell her soon how to make a gentleman's scarf, if no one else does so.

Four thread Saxony or Spanish yarn is the best for these directions:

Make a chain of one hundred and eight stitches, turn in the fourth stitch of chain, make one treble crochet, one t. c. in fifth stitch, one t. c. in sixth stitch, three t. c.s in seventh stitch, one t. c. in each of the eighth, ninth, and tenth stitches [skip two, one t. c. in each of the next three stitches, three t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of next three stitches]; repeat in brackets until you have twelve points.

Second row.—Chain three, skip one; make one t. c. in second stitch. It gives a pretty finish in this to take up only the outer half of the stitch. One t. c. in each of next two stitches [three t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of next three; skip two, one t. c. in each of three stitches]; repeat in brackets until the last half of twelfth point, where one t. c. in stitch next to the three t. c.s, skip one; one t. c. in next; skip one, one t. c. in last. Turn.

Third row.—Chain three, skip one; one t. c. in each of next three stitches [five t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of next three stitches; skip two; one t. c. in each of next three stitches]; repeat in brackets, finish the last half of twelfth point same as in second row. Turn.

Fourth row.—Chain three, skip one; one t. c. in each of four stitches [three t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of next four; skip two; one t. c. in each of next four]; repeat last half of two, one t. c. in each of two stitches; skip one; one t. c. in next; skip one; one t. c. in last. Turn.

Fifth row.—Chain three, skip one t. c. in each of the following four stitches [five t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of four; skip two; one t. c. in each four following]; repeat; twelfth point finish the same as in fourth row. Turn.

Sixth row.—Same as fourth, except there is one t. c. in each of five stitches.

Seventh row.—Same as fifth, except that there are five stitches with one t. c. in each.

Eighth and ninth rows.—Same as fourth row, except that there are six stitches with one t. c. in each.

Tenth row.—Chain three, skip one [one t. c. in each of six stitches, five t.

c.s in next, one t. c. in each of next six; skip two]; repeat; last half of twelfth point, one t. c. in each of four; skip one; one t. c. in next; skip one; one t. c. in last. Turn.

Eleventh row.—Chain three, skip one [one t. c. in each of seven stitches, three t. c.s in next, one t. c. in each of seven; skip two]; repeat; last half of twelfth point, one t. c. in each of five; skip one; one t. c. in next; skip one; one t. c. in last. Turn.

Twelfth row.—Same as eleventh row.

Thirteenth row.—Same as tenth, except that there are seven stitches with one t. c. in each.

Fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth rows.—Same as eleventh row, except that there are eight stitches with one t. c. in each.

Seventeenth row.—Same as tenth, except that there are eight stitches with one t. c. in each.

Eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first rows.—Same as eleventh row, except that there are nine stitches with one t. c. in each.

Twenty-second row.—Same as tenth row, except that there are nine stitches with one t. c. in each.

The next five rows.—Same as eleventh row, with ten stitches with one t. c. in each.

Next row is the same as the tenth, with ten stitches with one t. c. in each.

All succeeding rows same as eleventh row, except that there are eleven stitches with one t. c. in each. Make as long as desired.

To finish the neck, make one double crochet in corner [chain one, one t. c. in three stitch; chain one, one t. c. in five stitch; chain one, one d. c. in stitch between points]; repeat around neck; then finish with a shell down the fronts and round the neck. The bottom is prettiest finished with a fringe.

Ribbon is run through the spaces made by skipping the stitches, also round the neck as fastener.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

NOTELETS.

DEAR "HOME:"—After reading this valuable magazine for some months I am delighted with it, and as I have seen nothing from this part of the country, I venture to ask two questions. Will some

of the readers tell me what will prevent plated silver that is not in constant use from tarnishing? Also, what will remove the shiny look that comes on men's clothing after much wear, it being still too good to discard?

BLUE BELL.

[Have bags made of canton flannel for holding your silverware, and put in each a small piece of gum camphor, then we will see what our "HOME" housekeepers have to say about it. And try "Aunt Mary's" recipe for removing the shiny look from men's black clothing, given in the May installment of "Notes." The recipes you speak of will be welcome. Thank you.]

DEAR "HOME:"—I would like to have some of your readers tell me how to exterminate moths, and tell their history. Also, where can I get the tarred paper to put under carpets? How can I make a paste or cement to fill in cracks in the floor? By answering, you will confer a favor on a

SUBSCRIBER.

[There are many tested and well-recommended methods of exterminating moths, and we will name one or two, it being understood that our answers are to be supplemented by additional ones from "HOME" housekeepers whenever necessary or desirable. Concerning these insects it is particularly true that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Bits of camphor gum, sprigs of cedar or pennyroyal, or insect powder sprinkled amongst clothing will keep them out. If carpets or clothing have become infested, however, subject the articles to a strong light, beat thoroughly, and put cloths wet with turpentine among them. If you do not wish to take up a carpet, go over all suspected place with a sponge wet in turpentine, or (and this is one of the best and simplest methods) spread a wet cloth along the edges of the carpet and press with a hot iron. The hot steam does the work thoroughly. Kerosene oil or benzine may be used instead of turpentine and is preferred by many housekeepers. It is said that even the depredations of the dreaded "buffalo bug" may be stayed or prevented by the use of common salt. Before putting down a carpet have the

floor thoroughly washed, and, while still damp, strew well with salt, putting salt also between the folds if any of the carpet is turned under. Of the moth proper there are many species, the "history" of which would take much more space than can be allowed us here. It is the larvæ of the insect known to housewives as the "moth-miller" which is so destructive to clothes, carpets, etc. This miller is one of the smallest of the species, and makes its appearance in April, or even earlier. It is white in color, and should be carefully destroyed whenever discovered. The tarred paper to put under carpets can be obtained at almost any house-furnishing establishment; all carpet dealers can furnish it. For a paste to fill cracks in a floor, make first a flour paste, cooked, in the proportion of one-half pound of flour and one teaspoonful of pulverized alum to three pints of water. Soak old newspapers in this mixture in sufficient quantity to make the composition about as thick as putty. Press this into the cracks smoothly, and when hard paint over like the remainder of the floor.]

DEAR "HOME:"—Will some one of the household band please give a recipe for making chow-chow? I mean the mustard chow-chow, or pickles, such as we buy at the stores. Also a way of preparing French mustard?

KATE B. D.

DEAR EDITOR:—I know this department is generally used for housekeepers,

but may I not ask a question "out of the line?" Can you tell me where I can sell short stories, serials, etc., and what magazine I can send them to? You will oblige a subscriber by answering as soon as possible.

LULA.

[Not knowing the character of the "short stories, serials, etc.," it is impossible to give you a satisfactory answer. There are magazines and magazines; a very good method is to obtain specimen copies of such as you would like to favor with your contributions, adapting your writings to their especial needs. An article, to be acceptable, should fit the publication for which it is intended as the glove fits the hand. We have sent you by mail the address of a firm which you may do well to communicate with.]

Will some one tell me how to make good rice pudding?

HATTIE C.

[Try this recipe for a simple yet very palatable rice pudding. Into a pudding dish holding two quarts put one-half cupful of rice, picked and washed, two-thirds cupful of sugar, a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and a pinch of salt. Fill the dish with milk and bake two hours in a rather slow oven, stirring frequently the first half of the time. If properly made, the pudding will be creamy and rich, although so inexpensive and easily concocted. We think there is an error in your recipe for jelly cake, for which we thank you, however.]

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

EMBROIDERY AND LACES.

LEAF AND SCROLL BORDER.—This handsome running border, designed expressly for the readers of the "HOME," is suitable for many purposes and may be embroidered in outline, chain, or rope stitch.

It would be pretty on velvet bands across the ends of a table scarf if worked with coarse silk in outline stitch, or it might be made more elaborate by using Kensington or satin stitch, making the leaves solid work. A square of felt slashed into fringe about the edges, with this border running all around it above the fringe, and knots of silk to match the border tied into the fringe at regular intervals, would be nice for a small table or Bible stand.

It is equally suitable for reproduction with crewel or less expensive wools, or with embroidery cotton on other fabrics used in home adornment. It would also be pretty on the hem of a flannel skirt, above a knit or crocheted edge.

The illustration shows how to carry the vine around a corner—a very difficult thing to do sometimes. The dotted notches show where the pattern is to be repeated so that it may easily be lengthened without awkward breaks.

DESIGN FOR COLORED EMBROIDERY.—This will be acceptable, I think, to all who love to decorate baby's garments or belongings. It may be embroidered in satin stitch with French cotton of any color. Red or blue is best for anything which is to be washed often; some other colors are warranted not to fade, and they do not for a time, but there are none as durable as those named.

It would be pretty on a bib, but should not be placed directly in the centre. Or

it might be used in one corner of a lace-frilled handkerchief designed for baby's use; if folded cornerwise and fastened, front and back, with pretty pins they are often more dressy than bibs. It would also look well simply outlined, not embroidered, on a set of napkins.

To "HOME" housekeepers who like fancy work, whose requests for knitted and crocheted laces I have so often read in their department of "our Magazine," I offer these illustrated lace patterns, hoping they may be of use to many. I think I may promise them quite a variety of pretty laces of both kinds if the "reigning powers" in the "HOME" desire them as much as many of its readers seem to.

If the knitted lace should prove to be what "Invalid" asked for in the March "HOME," I shall be very glad. It was designed for her and all others who wish for a pretty, open edge that can be made without much thought, after a little practice. The crocheted sample is a new form of the familiar but always beautiful antique or spider lace.

KNITTED POINT LACE.—Cast on seventeen stitches.

First row.—Knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, knit three.

Second row.—Knit four, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

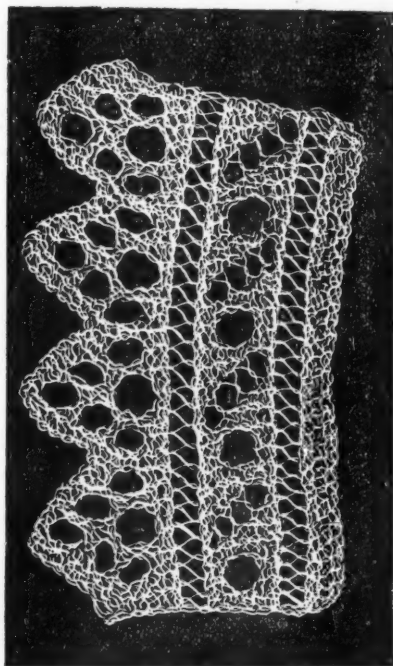
Third row.—Knit three, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit seven.

Fourth row.—Knit eight, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

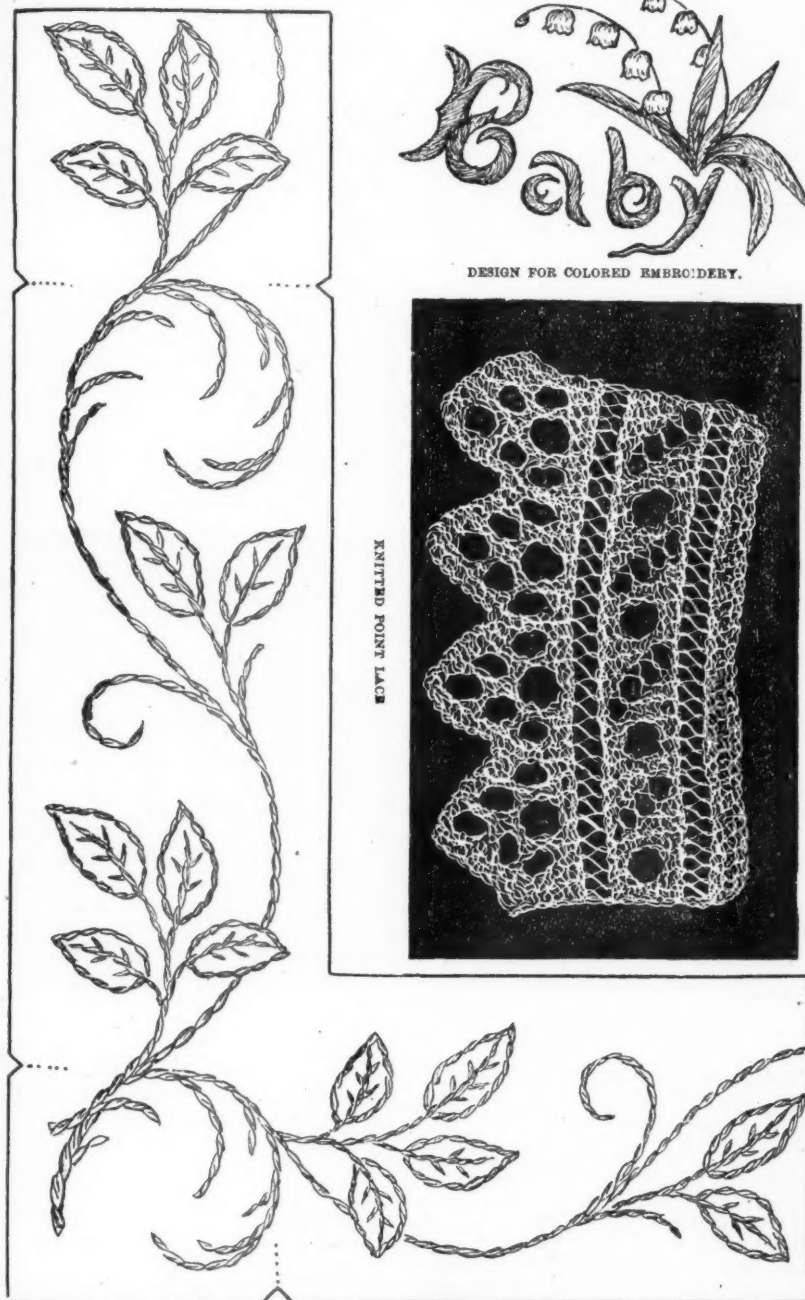
Fifth row.—Knit three, over, narrow, knit two, over, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, narrow, over three times, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.



DESIGN FOR COLORED EMBROIDERY.



KNITTED POINT LACE



LEAF AND SCROLL BORDER.

Sixth row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

Seventh row.—Knit three, over, narrow, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit nine.

Eighth row.—Knit ten, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

Ninth row.—Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one.

Tenth row.—Knit three, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit two, purl one, knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

Eleventh row.—Knit three, over, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit one, over, narrow, knit twelve.

Twelfth row.—Knit thirteen, over, narrow, knit two, purl one, knit two, over, narrow, knit two.

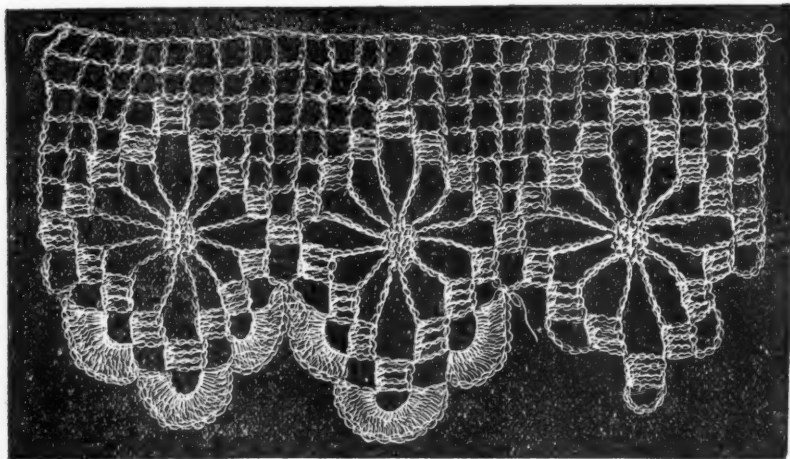
NARROW ANTIQUE LACE.—The third scallop in the illustration shows how this lace is first crocheted; the border is added afterward. For the sake of brevity the terms blocks and spaces have been used. A block consists of four doubles in succession which make a thick square. A space is made thus: Two chain, pass two stitches on foundation, one double in third stitch. Double: thread over once.

Make a chain of thirty stitches, turn.

First row.—Fill the chain with one block and six spaces (putting the first double in block into the ninth stitch of chain), chain four, turn.

Second row.—Five spaces, one block, chain eleven, one block (the last three doubles of which are made in last loop), chain ten, turn.

Third row.—One block (which is made by putting the first double in third stitch



NARROW ANTIQUE LACE.

Thirteenth row.—Knit three, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit twelve.

Fourteenth row.—Bind off seven, knit five, over, narrow, knit five, over, narrow, knit two.

Repeat from first row.

This is pretty for cotton or linen. It is also especially pretty for trimming flannel garments if knit of Saxony yarn on rather coarse steel needles so that it will be open and lacelike.

of chain, counting from block in preceding row, two more doubles on chain, one double in first stitch of block), chain six, one single in centre of eleven chain, chain six, one block in first space, four spaces, chain four, turn.

Fourth row.—Three spaces, one block, chain six, three singles in centre, chain six, one block, chain ten, turn.

Fifth row.—One block (made like first block in third row), seven chain, five

singles in centre, seven chain, one block in first space, two spaces, chain four, turn.

Sixth row.—Three spaces, one block, seven chain, three singles in centre, seven chain, one block, chain five, turn.

Seventh row.—One block, chain seven, one single in centre, chain seven, one block, four spaces, chain four, turn.

Eighth row.—Five spaces, one block, two chain, one block, five chain, turn.

The next row (which is the first row of another scallop) begins with a block over second chain in last row, then six spaces, chain four, turn.

Border.—Fasten thread in centre of loop at beginning of first scallop. Pass to second loop, in which put twelve doubles; pass to loop at point of scallop,

in which put fifteen doubles; twelve doubles in next loop; fasten by two singles to loop between scallops. Repeat.

If desired, for a lighter trimming, the border may be omitted, but in that case the loops on which it is made should be omitted also. It is prettier with the heavy border for many things, especially for under-garments, being showy yet neat, and easily laundered.

A handsome lambrequin for a small shelf may be crocheted from this pattern. Use seine twine and a coarse hook. Add a row of small, thick scallops along the upper edge and line with satin, or any chosen material, of some deep, rich color to match the furniture. Tip each scallop with one or three heavy twine tassels.

FRANCES H. P.

"HOME" PUZZLES.

SOLUTIONS in the September number. Solvers' names in the October number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 19.

DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "anemone," so sweet;
In "snow ball tree,"
In the "garden," trim and neat,
In the "grasses" at our feet;
In "shamrock" see.

My first is a tract of low land,
An ancestor find, for my second,
Connected, my whole, understand,
As the name of a plant may be reckoned.
LUCY FIRR.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 20.

A STAR.

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1. A letter. 2. A child's name for a parent.
3. Suitableness. 4. Pertaining to certain moun-

tains. 5. Serving to inspire fear. 6. One who sails (rare). 7. One who jeers at others. 8. A note in music. 9. A letter. OSMAR.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 21.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 8, 2, is an animal.
My 5, 4, 7, is to lay snares for rabbits.
My 6, 1, 3, is qualified.
My whole, consisting of eight letters, is a shrub of tropical America, which yields a delicious fruit.
BROWNIE.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 22.

A BIRD'S NEST.

(Containing names of ten birds.)

Night brooded over the morass. Wandering forlorn, with only his faithful dog to follow, lone and desolate, behold the poor traveler. It is a stormy night. In gales of wind that wrench and prostrate the strongest oaks, the rain pours down in torrents, while the distant sea gleams fitfully beneath the lightning's flash. Yet still the man presseth, rusheth onward. The hearts of both master and dog throb in fear as, presently, the morass is reached. An old spar, rotting with age, is the only bridge. It

is too frail. In network horrible of mud and water both brute and man are imprisoned.

M. DOUGLAS STERLING.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 23.

ANAGRAM.

"I meet no racy folk," he said,
His glasses on, to view—
And in his hand an instrument
For measuring heaven's own blue.

MIKE A. DOE.

"HOME" PUZZLE No. 24.

WORD REBUS.

C R
T C

MABEL E.

ANSWERS TO MAY "HOME" PUZZLES.

No. 7.

James Russell Lowell.

No. 8.

L A R K
A G U B
R U B Y
K E Y S

No. 10.

1. H-edge.
2. R-ally.
3. T-race.
4. S-till.
5. T-rite.
6. U-tile.
7. R-each.
8. A-maze.

T. S. ARTHUR.

No. 9.

POSTMASTER
OPERATION
SEMINOLE
TRIDENT
MANEGE
ATONE
SILT
TOE
EN
R

No. 11.

Machiavelian.

No. 12.

"Great oaks from little acorns
grow."

SOLVERS OF APRIL "HOME" PUZZLES.

April "HOME" puzzles were solved (partially) by Sadie Warren, Pauline W., L. J. S., "Bobolink," Osmar, Harry Furbish, Nettie M., Mrs. H. D. S., Eddie Buch, W. M. Duncan,

Sara, E. L. W., Maudie, Mabel E., "Biddy Ford," "Jolly Jack," Louis B., "Peri Winkle," C. T., "Katharine Tiptop," Nellie Todd, Hepsie D. Adams, Ruel D. Francis, M. G. H., Ida Bray, Ella H. S., H. M. H., "Hercules," "Rhoda," Mrs. L. N., Wake Robin, Carl P., M. F. Christy, "Lucy Firr," Lora and Laila, "B. L. Z. Bubb," Lucy J. Chase, Nelson Deering, Willie R. Allen, "Crosspatch," Brownie, and Mike A. Doe.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Complete lists of answers to April "HOME" puzzles were received from Mrs. Anna A. F., Kate M. Johnson, "Bluebeard," and G. H. Gibson.

PRIZE WINNERS.

For first complete list, Mrs. Anna A. F.
Second complete list, Kate M. Johnson.
Best incomplete list, M. F. Christy.
Second best incomplete list, Hepsie D. Adams.

NEW PRIZES.

First complete list, a year's subscription to a popular household publication.
Second complete list, combination drawing slate.

Best incomplete list, a book of poems, card-board covers.

Second best incomplete list, a package of scrap pictures.

CHAT.

Osmar.—Thank you for the puzzles. Others from the same source will be welcome.

Nelson D.—Certainly, we take distance into account in awarding prizes. Glad to know that you work "for the fun of it," and not alone for the sake of the prize. There is instruction to be found as well as amusement in solving puzzles.

"Roly Poly."—Your answers did not get in, last month, in season to be credited, although we think you will acknowledge that plenty of time is now allowed for all. Answers to (say) July puzzles should reach the "HOME" office by July 25th in order to receive proper credit.

FASHION NOTES.

THE new cambrics and percales for the summer season have made their appearance, and are prettier and fresher than ever. Satinettes are elegant in self-colors, with streaks of white, forming the pattern of a gridiron. Percales are made *à dispositions*, with borders printed for the

trimming of flounces, draperies, sleeves, and bodices. Lovely zephyr cambrics are in small shaded floral patterns, with self-colored fabrics to match.

All such washing materials are mostly made up with flounced skirts and short draperies. Bodices do not differ much

from those we have described for fancy materials, but plaited ones look best.

The Tosca is decidedly the most fashionable shape in hats; its brim is flat and protruding in front, and very much narrower at the back; very little trimming, a wing or a cluster of flowers in front.

Another new model is the Bettina, the crown of which is higher, and brim narrower and curled up all round. The narrow wings are placed at the side. Larger shapes in the Rembrandt style are also still very fashionable, and trimmed with feathers, but small birds are much less used for ornamenting bonnets.

Sunshades are large, in stripe or fancy patterns, with a deep lace border round the edge. A large bow of ribbon is added near the handle.

Glacé silks seem likely to be more fashionable than ever this summer. Even the newest, fancy silks, in floral or eccentric patterns, have glacé grounds shot of two shades of color. We have noted more particularly a most unique style of Pompadour silk, the ground of which has fire-like lights; the stripes are pale green, with a pattern of small flowerets.

There are also glacé silks streaked zebra fashion in bright satin; others with zigzags, or comets' tails.

These beautiful fabrics do not require very elaborate making up or trimming; they are made quite plain, with round waist, and a largesash or scarf tied round it, and falling at the side.

Braiding and embroidery are the favorite styles of trimming for summer dresses. I have taken note of a very tasteful costume of the pretty new shade of brown called Pepita, the skirt of which is trimmed with a border from eight to ten inches deep, beautifully braided. The braid is a small, round cord, and is sewn on in relief, forming a very ornamental and intricate pattern, with short loops of moiré ribbon added here and there. A sort of redingote-tunic of the same material is worn over this skirt. The bodice is that of a jacket, remaining open in front, with plain revers over a peaked plastron of braided cashmere. This bodice is confined round the waist by a band which is peaked in front; the tunic is continued into two shawl-lapels over the front and falls at the back in a square piece,

slightly draped up at the top. Each of the train lapels is divided from the other by a flow of loops of moiré ribbon to match, which gives great elegance to the costume. The sleeves have a narrow plaited band on the outside, and all the rest is of braiding matching the plastron and skirt; they are finished with small plain revers.

Another new style of costume is of terra-cotta Indian cashmere. It is also made with a sort of polonaise. The bodice is tight-fitting, the skirt slightly draped, caught up in a few folds upon the left side. The whole outline is edged with a very pretty border, embroidered in various shades of terra-cotta and silver-gray. The skirt is edged round the foot with a thick pinked-out ruche of the material.

A pretty new walking-jacket is the Zerlina. It is tight-fitting. The middle of the back and side-pieces joining it are of elephant-gray summer cloth; the front side-pieces are of faille and moiré striped pekin to match. The narrow peaked front-piece is of finely-plaited faille, with revers of plain cloth on each side from the shoulders tapering down to the waist. These revers are fastened down with large fancy buttons. Coat-sleeves with double revers of pekin and cloth from the waist; the basque is of pekin at the back. It is peaked in front and at the back, and deeply curved in at the sides.

The redingote style is also much in favor; it is a modification of the Princess dress, bodice and skirt all in one, open from the waist over an under-skirt of some other material.

Nor is the peaked bodice given up; a great many dresses are still made after that fashion; it is the most becoming to figures inclining to stoutness. In costumes of two kinds of material, the peaked bodice is often made with small revers and a narrow peaked plastron.

Very elegant summer dresses are made of printed surah, with draped double skirt and bodice open, with velvet revers over a chemisette of white surah. Velvet belt with a pretty artistic buckle; velvet collar and sleeve-facings.

Summer mantles are short and more in the mantilla than in the visite style.

The Miranda is a tasteful mantle of black beaded gauze, trimmed with lace and passementerie. The shape is well-fitting at the back, with a lace quilling

forming a sort of small basque; visite sleeves and loose fronts finished into a point. The lace trimming forms a quilling down the front.

The Marguerita is still more elegant, being of some fine woolen material, beaded all over with jet; lace basque at the back, peaked lappets, trimmed with lace and jet in front; sleeves, composed of alternate rows of jet fringe and gathered lace frillings, do not come down below the elbow.

The Ninon, a young lady's mantle, is in the shape of a short cape, well fitted to the shoulders, and continued in front into two narrow pointed lapels. It is made of a fine black woolen fabric, beaded with jet. The outline of the cape is edged with jet fringe, and a strip of wide jet-bead galloon is laid over the seams from the shoulders to the waist on each side of the front. The lapels are trimmed with lace or fringe.

We have also a number of pretty summer bonnets to describe. The peaked capote is still the favorite style. A tasteful model is of fancy gauze, trimmed with cross-stripe of velvet, with a large cluster of flowers in front, and strings of faille ribbon to match.

The small capote is also made of black tulle and lace, with a cluster of flowers in front and faille strings.

The Directoire capote looks very well in black lace; it is trimmed with bows of pale rose-colored faille and black lace; a bunch of roses is placed inside the large open border.

It is also made of colored satin straw, lined with velvet, and trimmed with moiré ribbon and ostrich tips.

Colored straw is very fashionable this summer, especially in shades of dark red, moss-green, leather, or bluish-gray. The border is frequently made of a different shade from the crown.

PUBLISHERS.

All mothers should have *Our Baby's First and Second Year*, by Marion Harland. It is a splendid little book, and is furnished free upon receipt of your address by Reed & Carnrick, New York. Send for it and you will find it contains many valuable suggestions.

The fashionable dress material for either promenade or reception dresses is a Henrietta, and now that Messrs. MacLea & Co. are making an all wool Henrietta with a silk-finished face, every woman of moderate means can appear in a costume made from this beautiful fabric. MacLea's all wool Henriettas look fully as handsome as those made with a silk warp, and are far more durable, for the reason that all

fabrics which are made from different materials are never as satisfactory as a fabric made from one material, and besides this recommendation, MacLea's all wool Henriettas cost just half what one would have to pay for the silk warp.

It has required some time and more experience to perfect MacLea's all wool Henrietta and attain the beauty of touch and finish characteristic of the goods, but this has been accomplished by the use of the purest Australian wool, the best of dyes, and the most modern of machinery.

There are many imitations of MacLea's goods, and the attention of ladies is called to the fact that the goods are rolled upon a mahogany board, with the trade-mark thereon, "depose Mahogany Patent."

FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1888:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing Patterns.
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.— MISSES' COS- TUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.
—This illustrates
a Misses' costume.
The pattern,
which is No. 2138
and costs 35 cents,
is in 6 sizes for
misses from 10 to
15 years of age.

The costume is
pictured devel-
oped in figured
and plain velou-
tine. The four-
gored skirt hangs
prettily, and its
gores are entirely
concealed by the
drapery, which is
very ornamental in
effect. Upon the
front and right
side gores is a flat
drapery that
reaches almost to
the belt and is ar-
ranged in four for-
ward-turning kilt-
plaits in front of
the side-back seam.
The left
edge of this drap-
ery meets the
front edge of a
smocked panel in
the left side-front
seam. The panel
covers the left
side-gore, and the
smocking is done
in deep band fash-
ion below the hip
and also some dis-
tance lower down.
The tablier ex-
tends to the edge
of the skirt at the
left side-front
seam and is lifted
with a graceful,
rounding effect on
the right hip.
Plaits at the belt
and darts in
its front edge
drape the tablier
in beautiful soft
folds, and a large,
full bow of moiré
ribbon is tacked
over each pair of
plaits in the front edge. The back-drapery is fashion-



FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSES' COSTUME.

The hat is a fancy straw trimmed with ribbon.

ably bouffant, and
its handsome drap-
ing is due to bour-
nous loops and
gathers at the belt,
and two down-
ward-turning
plaits laid in each
side edge near the
lower edge and
tacked crosswise
to the breadth
under a deep, loose
loop.

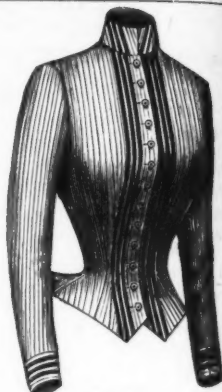
The basque has
a full vest that is
smocked in V
shape nearly to
the bust and in a
deep band across
at the waist-line,
the vest being ad-
justed upon a
smooth lining be-
low which it
droops prettily. A
row of buttons
decorates the front
at either side of
the vest. Single
bust darts, under-
arm and side-back
gores and a curv-
ing center seam
fit the basque
closely, and the
back falls full
upon the tournure,
a pretty effect
being produced by
underfolded plaits
at the end of the
center and side-
back seams. The
standing collar is
covered by a moiré
ribbon that is tied
in a bow at the
back. The sleeves
have a coat-shaped
lining, on which is
arranged an orna-
mental outer part
that extends near-
ly to the wrist edge
and fits smoothly
at the top; it is
prettily smocked
at the back of the
wrist, and its lower
edge passes under
a baud of moiré
ribbon, which gives
a cuff finish.

**2133****LADIES' BASQUE.**

No. 2133.—Cloth, cashmere, camel's-hair, nun's-veiling and all wash fabrics will develop well in a basque of this kind. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires 3 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of watered silk 20 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

**2115****LADIES' JACKET.**

No. 2115.—This jacket is pictured made of dark and light cloth. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 54 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Surah 20 inches wide for the vest, etc. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

**2118****LADIES' BASQUE.**

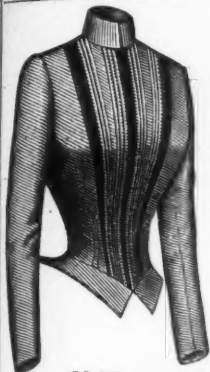
No. 2118.—Fancy striped dress goods showing a striped border were used for the construction of this shapely basque. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, requires 3 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cts.

**2131***Right Side-Front View.***2131***Left Side-Back View.***MISSSES' COSTUME.**

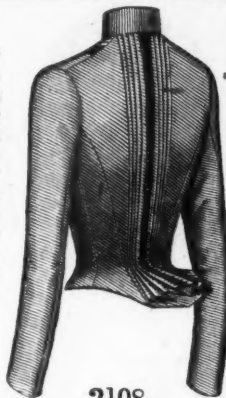
No. 2131.—Plain white cloth and fine checked dress goods are associated in the costume here pictured. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs 10 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. As represented, it calls for $9\frac{3}{4}$ yards of checked fabric and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of white goods 22 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of lining material 36 inches wide for the gores. Price of pattern, 35 cents.

LADIES' BASQUE.

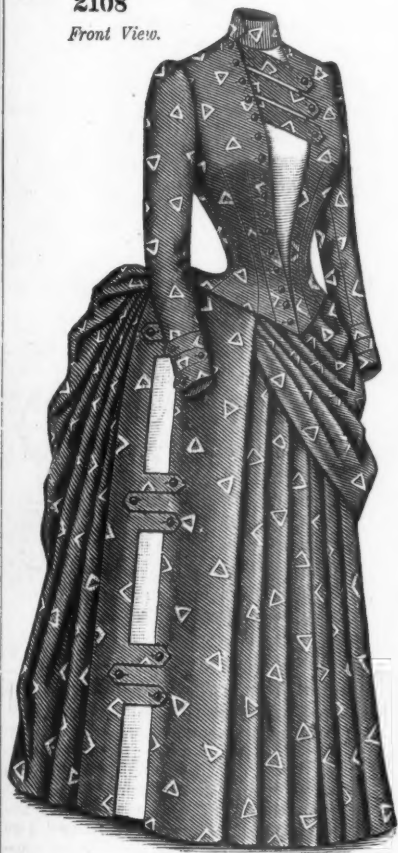
No. 2108.—The accompanying engravings show a basque made of golden-brown Surah, with velvet of a darker color for trimming. The velvet may be replaced by passementerie, jets, beads or moiré silk, and the girdle ornament may be trimmed to correspond. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be developed in dress goods of any preferred quality. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of goods 44 inches wide. In each instance $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of velvet 20 inches wide will be needed for facings. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



2108

Front View.

2108

Back View.

2129

Right Side-Front View.

2129

Left Side-Back View.

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 2129.—Plain and figured dress goods are combined in this costume. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 18 yards of material 22 inches wide, or $9\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide. As shown, it calls for 17 yards of figured and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of plain fabric 22 inches wide, with $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lining for the gores and breadth. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



2134

Front View.

2134

Back View.

CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 2134. — The pattern of this jacket is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the jacket for a child of 5 years, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS, WITH GUIMPE.

FIGURE No. 2.—This consists of Girls' dress No. 2123, and guimpe No. 9852. The dress pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years old, and costs 20 cents. The guimpe pattern is in 11 sizes for girls from 2 to 12 years of age and costs 10 cents. Of one material for a girl of 5 years, they need $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide: the dress requiring $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards; and the guimpe, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.



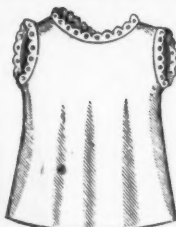
FIGURE No. 3.—LADIES' WRAP.

FIGURE No. 3.—This illustrates Ladies' wrap No. 2099. Silk and lace flouncing are associated in this wrap, lace edging, jet, fringe and jet ornaments providing the effective decorations. For all seasonable wrap materials, such as plain and beaded grenadine, embroidered webbings, lace nets and Surahs, this is a particularly jaunty mode. Plain and fancy-edged ribbons of either satin or moiré varieties are favored decorations, and so are passementeries, jet ornaments and fancifully shaped beads. The sleeves may contrast with the body portions in color or texture, with fashionable results. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 25 cents. To make the wrap of one material for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. If goods 54 inches wide be selected for the construction, then $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard will prove sufficient.

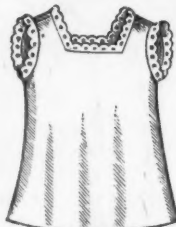


FIGURE NO. 4.—LADIES' WRAP.

FIGURE NO. 4.—This illustrates Ladies' wrap No. 2113. Black faille was selected for this wrap, and Chantilly edging and passementerie ornaments provide the effective garnitures. Grenadines, silk tissues, beaded nets, brocaded silks or fancy striped laces are commended for wraps of this description, and the trimming may be of any preferred variety. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be developed in a combination of fabrics, if desired. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide. Of goods 54 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard will suffice. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



2097

View Showing
Round Neck.

2097

View Showing
Square Neck.

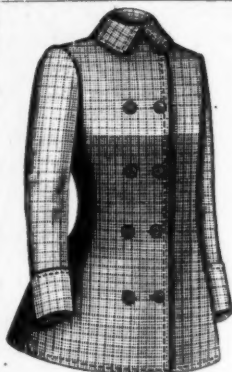
LITTLE GIRLS' CHEMISE.

No. 2097.—This comfortable chemise is pictured made of white muslin and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age, and may be chosen for linen, cambric, soft-finished muslin, flannel, etc. To make the chemise for a girl of 5 years, will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of any suitable material 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

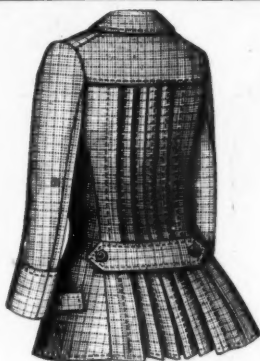


FIGURE NO. 5.—LITTLE GIRLS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 5.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 2132. The pattern is in 5 sizes for girls from 3 to 7 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make it of one material for a girl of 5 years, needs $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Sillesia 36 inches wide for the vest lining.



2107

Front View.

2107

Back View.

2100

MISSSES' JACKET.

No. 2107.—This jacket is shown made of checked cloth, with a finish of machine-stitching. Fancy cloths, flannels and serges will make up prettily by this fashion, with braid for trimming. The pattern is in 6 sizes for misses from 10 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it needs $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

LADIES' MEDICI COLLAR.

No. 2100.—This pattern is in 3 sizes—32, 36 and 40 inches, bust measure. For a lady of 36 inches, bust measure, the collar needs $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of goods 22 inches wide, or $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 44 inches wide, each with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of crinoline 34 inches wide for interlining. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



2109

Right Side-Front View.

2109

Left Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 2109.—Plain dress goods were selected for making this skirt, with a full bow of ribbon for a finish. Two materials will develop effectively in this way, and a fancy clasp or a jet ornament may take the place of the bow. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, requires $9\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, each with $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of lining goods for the gores and breadth. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



2121

Front View.

2111

LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

(TO BE WORN WITH A GUMPE.)

No. 2111.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 5 years, it needs $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard either 36 or 44 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

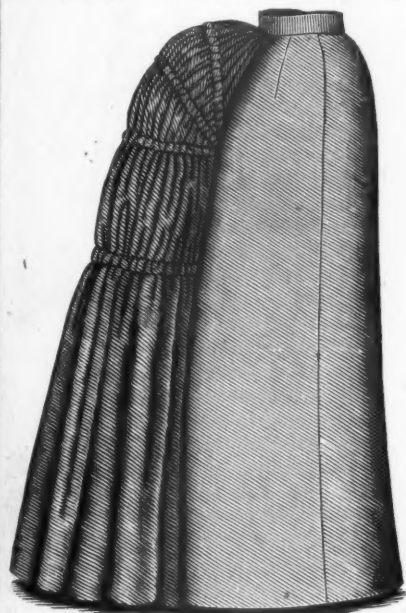


2121

Back View.

GIRLS' DRESS.

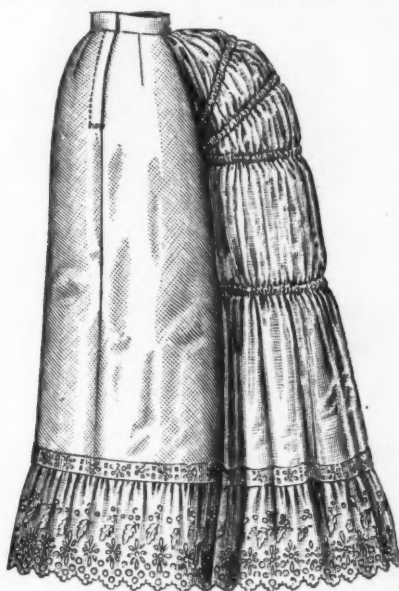
No. 2121.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. To make the dress as pictured for a girl of 8 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidered flouncing $19\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, 6 yards of embroidered edging $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of nainsook 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



2130

LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT, WITH REEDS.

No. 2130.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 ins., waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 5 yards of material 22 ins. wide, or $4\frac{5}{8}$ yds. 27 ins. wide, or $3\frac{5}{8}$ yds. 36 ins. wide. Price, 30 cts.



2114

LADIES' PETTICOAT, WITH REEDS.

No. 2114.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of goods 27 inches wide, or $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



FIGURE NO. 6.—GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 2120, which is pictured made of plain and striped zephyr wool goods and embroidered webbing, embroidered edging providing the garniture. Braids, narrow velvet or moiré ribbon, fancy stitching, embroidered bands or a lace ruffle will form a stylish foot-garniture for the skirt. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 20 cents. To make the dress of one material for a girl of 8 years, will require 5 yards 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. If goods 44 inches wide be selected, then $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards will be sufficient.



FIGURE NO. 7.—GIRLS' DRESS.

FIGURE NO. 7.—This illustrates Girls' dress No. 2144. Bronze Surah and Gobelin-blue India silk are associated in this dress, with embroidered edging and ribbon for garnitures. One material will make up equally well in this way, with fancy mixed braids, stitchings in colored flosses or cottons, ribbons, pipings, bands or facings for a completion. The guimpe may be covered with fine soutache braid in a scroll or other design. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age, and costs 25 cents. Of one material for a girl of 8 years, it needs $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 44 inches wide.

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